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Problems of Federal India.*

The Question of Defence.

By C. V. H. Rao, M. A. F. R. E. S.

Chapter X. The British Position.

THE satisfactory settlement of the problem of India's defence is fundamental to a successful working of the Indian Constitution. No one will dispute the proposition that the transfer of the control of defence is a vital principle of Responsible Self-Government; and Indians are, therefore, perfectly within their rights in demanding that they should be allowed to manage their country's defence. The problem has a constitutional as well as a financial aspect, the first relating to the degree of control in regard to defence which should be transferred to the Indian Government and the second relating to the financial burden which Indians should shoulder in respect of expenditure on defence.

The British Government's attitude with regard to the problem of defence can be gauged from the following observations in Sir Samuel Hoare's speech. He said:—"I may claim there was complete unanimity that defence, until it can be transferred into India's hands, remains the sole responsibility of the Crown— I believe myself that in actual practice we shall find that the result will be that, although the question of defence is a reserved question with the sole responsibility for it imposed upon the Governor-General and the Crown, in actual practice, there will

* The previous two parts of this article appeared in our issues of February and March.

be the closest co-operation between the two sides of the Government". The point that emerges out of this position of the British Government as adumbrated by the Secretary of State is that India should not have control over the question of her own defence either in the constitutional or the financial aspects of it, but that they would remain the sole responsibility of the Governor-General and the Crown during a period of transition which has not been de-limited.

First, as regards the constitutional aspect, the question is as to what machinery would be devised as appropriate for the management and administration of the Army Department. Sir Samuel Hoare, while affirming the special responsibility of the Governor-General, referred to the appointment of a Defence Minister in the selection of whom the Governor-General should have unfettered discretion. Secondly, the two sides of the Government will work in the closest co-operation which, according to him, means that "before the estimates are actually put to the Federal Assembly, the Finance Minister, and no doubt the Prime Minister, will have an opportunity of seeing them and giving to the Governer-General their views upon them". The most liberal interpretation that can be placed upon this assurance of Sir Samuel Hoare is that at best the Federal Legislature will have a very imperfect and indirect say in regard to the Army budget and the control of the Army, and that it will be in the very unenviable position of offering advice on these matters to the Governor-General who may or may not accept it.

Thus, as it stands at present, the scheme evolved at the Conference in respect of the constitutional aspect of the Indian defence problem is very unsatisfactory. First, taking up the question of the discussion of the Army budget, Sir Samuel Hoare says that the budget would, of course, be presented to the Legislature and that there will inevitably be a discussion upon it. But the Legislature would not have an opportunity of moving for a reduction of expenditure in regard to the Army or for proposing any modifications; in short, the whole of the Army budget would be sacrosanct and not votable. So long as the responsibility for defence is reserved to the Governor-General and the Crown, it is necessary, of course, that they should have assured sufficient funds to discharge their obligations, but why the making of the whole of the Army expenditure non-votable and why its being taken away from the purview of the Legislature should be considered the only method of guaranteeing the necessary supply of funds for the discharge of responsibilities in respect of the Army is hard to understand. A better alternative, which will be in accord with the constitutional position which India will attain

as a result of the coming reforms, is that while throwing open the budget to the Legislature, the Governor-General might have the power of invoking his certification powers in the event of the Legislature throwing out any demand for grant which is essential to the effective discharge of his special responsibility for the peace and tranquillity of the country. The experience of the last decade has shown that where responsibility has been denied to the Legislature by making the defence expenditure non-votable, it has tended to encourage a spirit of irresponsibility in that body, resulting in indiscriminate and hostile criticism and the straining of relations between the Government and the Legislature. If experience, therefore, is to be any guide, it is necessary that the Federal Legislature should have the right not only of discussing the military budget but also of voting upon it. It is also further necessary that the Finance Minister and the Prime Minister should not only be consulted, as and when the Governor-General likes, about the framing of the Military budget, but that there should be a statutory provision for joint consultation between the two sides so that the popular ministry might have an opportunity of making its voice felt in the framing of the budget and through it of Military policy.

The second point is the manner of choosing the Defence Minister. The British Government's proposals give freedom to the Governor-General to choose his own Defence Minister irrespective of the wishes of the Legislature; but Indian opinion is almost unanimously in favour of the principle that the Army Member should be chosen from among the members of the Federal Legislature, firstly as Sir T. B. Sapru and Mr. Jayakar opine, "to enable the members of the Legislature to acquire knowledge and experience," and, secondly, because such an arrangement would provide a very beneficial transitional arrangement which will fecilitate automatic transfer of responsibility for Army affairs to Indian Ministers at the end of a statutory period. The Army Member should, during the interval in which Defence is a special responsibility, be in the position of a 'liaison' officer between the Governor-General on the one hand and the Legislature on the other.

Chapter XI —The Financial Aspect.

Next as regards the financial aspect of the defence problem, there are two questions which have to be considered, which though mainly financial, impinge upon the constitutional aspect also. The first is the Indianisation of the Army and the second is employment of Indian troops abroad. With regard to Indianisation, the present pace of Indianisation, based upon

the Rawlinson Scheme and modified by the recommendations of the Chetwood Committee of 1931, is bound to be unconscionably slow, and, if permitted to be the basis of the Indianisation process, will not enable India to assume responsibility for her own defence within, at the least, a century. Full Dominion Status, according to the now famous speech of Sir Malcolm Hailey, the then Home Member of the Government of India in the Legislative Assembly on February 8th, 1924, means "a Dominion Army under full control of the Dominion Government" and implies "the capacity to undertake the defence, not merely by paying for it but also by undertaking its officering and administration". Sir Malcolm Hailey's dictum is a very true one, apart from the very pertinent fact which he has failed to mention, that no dominion hitherto was in a position to, nor was it considered necessary that it should, be in a position so to undertake its own defence when it was first created; but the question arises as to who is responsible for the inability of India so far to undertake responsibility for defence? And it is not necessary to enter into a political discussion, the fact being so apparent to understand, that the present situation is attributable in the main to the policy so far pursued by the Government of India. Even now what do the Government's proposals in regard to the Indianisation of the Army amount to? I will again quote from Sir Samuel Hoare's speech to the Round Table Conference in which he says apropos of the demand for a statutory guarantee for Indianisation of the Army made by Sir T. B. Sapru :—"A statutory provision is too inelastic, if you desire statutory provision in a narrow sense. But I think I can meet him (Sir Tej Bahadur) and his friends effectively by including directions to the Governor-General in these respects in the Instrument of Instructions". Sir Samuel's observations amount to nothing more and nothing less than this that (1) the British Government have not committed themselves and do not intend to commit themselves to a definite programme of Indianisation (2) that they want to leave the whole matter to the Governor-General's discretion without making it a statutory responsibility. To give the Instrument of Instructions, as Sir Samuel Hoare promises to do, a statutory basis will not much improve the position except when there is a definite announcement of a time table for the fulfilment of the obligations in respect of Indianisation, and except when those obligations are statutorily provided for. The Secretary of State's assurance, therefore, is not satisfactory and has to be modified in a manner which would prove acceptable.

The second problem of the group which we have been discussing is that relating to the authority which should sanction

the utilisation of Indian troops beyond the Indian border. The British Government's position in relation to this subject, as revealed in Sir Samuel Hoare's speech, is a model of evasiveness, which may have been less unsatisfactory if it did not involve a principle of national honour. He said: "More difficult questions arose in cases where Indian troops might be employed for purposes other than directly Indian purposes. In these cases I do not want to be precise as to the exact method. I myself feel sure that means will be found to leave the decision in some manner to the Federal Ministry and the Federal Legislature". It passes comprehension why in such a matter as this there should be so much want of precision and definiteness and clouding of issues.

Then there is the purely financial question of military expenditure, which is admitted on all hands to be out of all proportion alike to the needs of the situation and to the economic position of the country. The Inchcape Committee, as well as Sir Walter Layton, Financial Assessor to the Simon Commission, have unequivocally stated that "India cannot afford this expenditure" on defence. The reduction of the Army expenditure is, therefore, a fundamental financial reform, which cannot be postponed for any length of time under the Federal Constitution, and the controversy, if any, ought to relate only to the methods of achieving it. The problem is closely related to the policy of Indianisation and the consequent reduction of British troops and to an equitable adjustment of expenditure on items like the capitation charges, incidental to the continuance of British recruitment; so that if these two last-mentioned reforms are effected, there will be an automatic reduction in expenditure. The first thing to be accomplished in reaching the desired end, therefore, is to secure a just and equitable adjustment of the capitation charges, and secondly, with a view to reducing the Army expenditure, a statutory Committee consisting of the representatives of the Army department and the Federal Legislature should be appointed to suggest periodical changes in Army expenditure so as to bring it more into relation with the requirements of the Indian situation, both financial and military, and unto that end to explore all possible avenues of an immediate reduction of Army expenditure. It has been suggested more than once in the discussions at the Round Table Conference that the defence expenditure should be put on a "Contract" basis, according to which a certain sum of money should be handed over to the Minister responsible for defence during a certain period, the amount being made subject to periodic revision. This course is open to serious objections in that it will take away the primary right of the Legislature to discuss the Army budget and thus debar it from acquiring experience in dealing with defence questions.

Lastly, there are some other questions connected with the problem which relate to the training of Indians for the Army and the establishment for that purpose of Military training institutions. There can be no formidable objection to the immediate transfer of this part of the defence problem to Indian control, as would fecilitate suitable measures being devised for the training of Indians for all ranks in the Army and as it serves to remove the criticism that India is not in a position to defend herself by reason of the absence of men to officer the Army.

XII. External Affairs.

The last problem in regard to which "special responsibility" is to be vested in the new Constitution in the Governor-General is External Affairs. The question as to which authority should manage the External Affairs of the country is one intimately associated with the question of the constitutional status to which we will attain as a consequence of the new reforms. If we are going to have anything approaching Dominion Status, then the extension of the connotation which that term has received in recent years should render a Dominion capable of managing its own external affairs, except in that limited sphere of activities which may be definitely classified as Imperial obligations. Even in regard to the latter, there has developed a convention of the British Government holding preliminary consultation with the Dominion Goverments and obtaining their approval for any treaties or other international instruments negotiated or entered into by the United Kingdom. Though India has not officially been designated a "Dominion," the original membership which she has been assigned in the League of Nations and the independent representation of India in various International Conferences and Committees have placed her in a position in which the establishment of her complete individuality as an international personality is but an inevitable and logical corollary. The Self-Governing Dominions, according to the Statute of Westminster recently adopted, have full power to make laws having extra-territorial operations, which power, taken together with the statement in the Preamble to the Act which affirms the common allegiance to the Crown as the only bond of Union between them and Great Britain, amounts to enabling the Dominions to deal with their own external affairs subject only to the laws and Acts passed or in operation before the Statute became applicable. And if India is to have the same status as the other Dominions possess, the only method is to make the provisions automatically applicable to her also. But so long as the Indian Constitution provides for certain 'reserved' subjects, to the extent that there are these 'reserved' powers,

there will be a detraction from the principle of complete responsible government, and, therefore, of complete dominion status, and she cannot expect to have full control over her external affairs as the other dominions have. But at the same time, there is a wide field of subjects which, though classified under the category of external relations, can be left over to the control of the Indian Legislature and which are demanded to be left over for Indian control by Indians. The Government of India's Despatch on the Reforms question issued in November 1930 contains some pertinent observations on this question of transfer of responsibility in External Affairs and indicates the extent to which and the direction in which such transfer can be effected. The Despatch says: "On first-class questions of policy, independent action by India is not yet within the realm of practical politics. Nevertheless, there is a large mass of external relations which may conveniently be so classed in distinction from foreign affairs and in which we are for increasing recognition of the individuality of India among the nations of the world. It may well be that the Government of India may enjoy considerable liberty in matters such as commercial treaties and treatment of Indians overseas. It is by growth of understanding and conventions and not by provisions of positive law that the Dominions have attained their present position. These are lines on which India's authority over her own external affairs must grow". If the Government of India is allowed "complete" and not "considerable" freedom to enter into commercial relations with foreign countries and if she is allowed to safeguard in an effective manner the position and interests of Indians overseas, which at present are very unsatisfactorily safeguarded owing to the subordinate state of India—if, that is to say, these powers are transferred to the Indian Federal Legislature and the Indian Federal Government, the requirements of the situation will be met. The Governor-General's special responsibilities should be restricted to questions of high policy involving Imperial considerations, even in regard to which a definite statutory provision should be incorporated in the Act making it obligatory upon the Governor-General to consult the Federal Legislature and take its advice in all matters in which principles of policy are involved, though such advice may not, during the period of reservation, be binding upon him. The essence of the reforms that is demanded in this connection, is that the hiatus between the actual Constitutional status which India occupies in the international field and her actual political status within the British Empire, should be adequately bridged by investing the Indian Government with powers in regard to regulating external relations in accordance with her best interests.

The Meaning of History.

By B. Rajagopalan, M.A.

I.

"KNOWLEDGE is power" is an old pithy saying, the truth of which many have discovered for themselves in all ages. But before knowledge can become power, before the knower will be able to exercise that power it is necessary that a certain amount of work should be done by the knower. That work consists mostly in exercising the powers of discrimination, arrangement, tabulation, and the faculty for the ready use of the knowledge stored in the mind. Without this work, power is not attained, and knowledge only becomes a dead weight. Thus knowing the meanings of words in dictionaries does not give a person the power to express his ideas in good language; nor does knowing the contents of a directory give one the power to deal with problems as they arise. Both these are instances of knowledge where power has not been the necessary concomitant of knowledge.

History is one of those subjects where there is a fatal ease for this danger to arise. As a matter of fact, most history study only tends to burden the learner with more and more knowledge without the corresponding benefit of Power. So much has this kind of dead study of History been in evidence that people have asked whether there is any use in its study at all; whether from the knowledge gathered in History, any power at all can accrue. The object of the writer here is to try to make out from one point of view, what constitutes History, what is the scope and what the method of the study of History, what apparatus ought to be brought by the student for a fruitful study of History, and what power lies behind the acquisition of the knowledge contained in History.

Various philosophies have been created out of History. Fantastic theories have been built up. A good many conclusions have been drawn to support a good many pre-conceived ideas. Or, in some instances, Historians have approached History for its own sake, as a sort of hobby which gives pleasure by enabling them to look on the past and its ways of living, without having in mind the acquisition of any power, to bring to bear upon the transformation of the present into the future.

We know enough of the laws of Nature to understand that there is growth or evolution going on all round about us. In Botany, in Biology, in Ethnology, in all the sciences dealing with

living organisms and forms, sufficient knowledge has been accumulated and tabulated for even the layman to be convinced that the present has been the result of the evolution of the world through hundreds of thousands of years. The very length of time surveyed tends to take our breath away and inspire in us—dwarfed short-lived creatures with a span of life of less than a century to go through—feelings of awe and reverence. We dimly, probably unconsciously, begin to sense something greater, something grander, something more real, more important, more truth-compelling than the calls of sordid, miserable, petty, every day existence which on ordinary occasions loom large in our consciousness. Like on the sight of the broad expanse of the ocean, of the receding far-off horizon all round in a desert, or of a mountain-top covered perpetually with snow and ice and clouds, a certain mysterious supernatural feeling descends upon us, when we begin to trace the growth of beings, animate and inanimate, to their comparative beginnings of a million years ago. It makes us feel humble; it makes us go down on our knees to do reverence to God. And, even if we happen not to believe in a Divinity, it inspires us with a certain enthusiasm and a feeling of spiritual exaltation.

It is this law of evolution through millennia of years applied to human growth which history has to expound. How man had this beginnings; what environments made him; what his inherent nature is; whence is he; what are his powers; how were these powers evolved—these are some of the questions to be answered by him who knows the meaning of History. Religious people, like us in India, have come to believe that there is a power behind the scenes which arranges things for growth, for expression, repression, expansion, according to a pre-ordained plan. If there is such a plan, it is the understanding of this plan that makes the meaning of History.

II. Laws of Growth.

Taking a bird's eye view of the History of mankind, one is able to posit the existence of four great laws for the growth of any set of people. These great four laws may be compared to the scaffolding put up for the construction of buildings. By these people have guided themselves, kept themselves in order and safety, and climbed to the highest point possible to be achieved by them in the particular dispensation to which they belong. When the lessons have been learnt, when the scaffolding is no longer necessary, it is taken down, and then other buildings are put up, for which other scaffoldings are erected.

The first of these laws is the ethnological possibilities of the people. The structure of the physical body suits the development of certain virtues, faculties and powers and inhibits the growth of others. For instance, nobody can prevent an Englishman from being a Conservative; and an Indian not to be sensitive, reserved and shy. Whether we believe in the science (superstition or quackery?) of Craneology, Phrenology and the like, it goes without saying that different peoples have different make-ups of their physical body—in some the nervous system being developed more than in others, in some the bony system and so on This physical constitution has its say in the matter of the development of the faculties and powers of people, and lays down the rule " Thou shalt grow along this line ; thou shalt be inhibited if thou attemptest to go along the other line". It may be suggested that the race question arising in America and elsewhere is not simply a question of race prejudice, but a real fundamental problem, where one race's ideas do not fit in with those of the other races, not because simply of habit, but because of incapacity to think along the other's lines. For instance, however much Japan might copy the Occident, the Japanese still remains the Japanese in character and culture, and cannot become any other whatever the outer veneer may be. And so he will remain to the end. One race does not seem to be able to understand the mentality, the morality and the capacities of another. Is that the reason why Canada, Africa and Australia with populations of different types of people, had to have Federal forms of Government instead of the unitary, which one would have expected the conservative English mind to perfer ? That is once again the reason why the British Empire, if it wants to continue to exist, has to be an Indo-British, or Indo-Teutonic Commonwealth, with complete and unadulterated autonomy for every integral part. The bodily formation of races has a great deal to do with the growth of races along certain lines.

The second of these laws is the moulding of people by their environment. Once again, we have considerable evidence for this. Researches into the customs of various peoples and their lives have revealed that the surroundings in which the lot of certain races has been cast have a great deal to do with the drawing out of certain faculties and the deadening of certain others among the peoples of those races. We can now easily proclaim the out standing characteristics of people inhabiting for long stretches of time mountainous regions of hilly tracts—of these who live in islands—of those who have their homes in deserts—of those who live in lands with a considerable length of seaboard—of those who live under shady woodlands by peacefully flowing rivers—of those whose lot is cast among pastures—of those whose homes are inaccessible from the outside world—of those who have had to suffer

from the ravages of climate and the terrors of the forces of Nature —of those who have had to put up a hard fight with land to force her to give them a mere subsistence—of those who live in the tropics, as of those who live constantly amidst snow and ice. The sun, the climate, the sea, the mountain and the valley, the nature of the land the quantity and the availability of water: these have considerably affected human progress, helped the growth of certain powers and retarded the growth of yet others. The mildness and lethargy of the Hindu, the virility and bull-dog tenacity and conservatism of the Englishman, the romantic nature of the Frenchman, the hustling of the American, the peace of the Swiss, the mercurial nature of the Italian, the fanaticism of the Turk, the feeling of power of the German, the oiliness and the philosophic idleness of the Chinese, the sense of beauty of colour of the Burmese, the bourgeois nature of the Australian. the poetry of the Irish, the fighting nature of the Mexican, none of these need come as a surprise to people who have studied the nature of the influence of the natural environments of man. All the time there is an unconscious effect playing on tbe people. Very few are capable of withstanding that effect, even if they are conscious of such work going on. The results go on accumulating, and the growth in the nature of the people is marvellous, when comparison is made of the conditions of the people at intervals of a few centuries.

III. Laws of Growth (*Contd*.) Religion.

The third law making for the growth of History lies in the religion of the people. Even the most fanatical believer in Free Thought must confess, though with a certain amount of contempt for the ignorance of the multitude, that one of the most important of the stimuli to people to work of various kinds is sentiment ; and of sentiments and feelings. those arising out of religion are the most powerful. All over the world, at all times when evidence is available, religion has exercised a fascination for humanity which, in its intensity, has been incomparable. Not always understood in its philosophies by the vast majority of its votaries, not always practised because of the very high standards of morality and activities prescribed, watered down considerably to suit the conveniences and weaknesses and idiosyncracies of various sets and groups of people, still it has commanded the unswerving and loyal adhesion of people in the main, even at the cost of life, family, relations, property, convenience, and comforts. Filled with dogmas associated with superstitions, riddled with fanaticism, and infested with all those factors of decadence which attach themselves to religion, where an open mind and a

high order of intellect are not available to exercise their corrective influences of tact, common sense and tolerance, religion has made for the growth of people, irresistible in its charm and power. The unity brought about among people who have suffered for the sake of religion towers head and shoulders above every other kind of bond which exists in this world for the knitting together of peoples—ties of family are ruthlessly broken, many a heart in anguish has been nailed to the cross, many families have been sundered, much property has been spent, much inconvenience has been undergone, for the sake of religion. Common language, common manners and customs, common blood, common governance, common motherland, these are powerful ties indeed. But the tie of religion is something far higher. For, when the call of that religion comes, every other bond is broken, for the call is irresistible. Nobody seems to be exempt from it. Only, one does not know in what shape religion calls him. A keenly intellectual man who for the time could not see where the fascination of religion lay and was contemptuous towards those weaklings who were held by the 'narcotics of religion,' suddenly gets this irresistible call and is pushed off his whilom lofty pedestal. All his confidence broken, he feels that he is nowhere, simply a plaything in the hands of God.

This religion, then, is the third law in the growth of History. It comes to different races in different shapes as different religions. Distinction is to be drawn between Religion and the religions. For, whenever religions are many, with diverging practices, with different rituals, even setting at nought the peace of the world, some having to war with the others in the name of the particular deity which their religion calls upon them to pay homage to, Religion is the same all over the world. It is the innate sense in man to search for truth. It is the Sanatana Dharma, —it is the individual's call—inflexible and unconquerable and it comes to different people in different ways; but the force is the same, the compelling authority is the same. According to the person's understanding is his duty, his *Dharma*, his religion. The *Bhagavad Gita*, for instance, says: 'Better death in the discharge of one's own duty, the duty of another is full of danger.' It was the recognition of the different strata of society, of the different rungs in the ladder of evolution, on which different individuals stood, that made it possible for the ancient Hindus to make the Varnashrama system—the scheme of different dharmas to different people according to qualities, achievements and age—now alas, like many another scheme well thought of and smoothly working at one time, fallen into dis-repute and infamy by decay of people's understanding and growth in other directions.

It is strange that this religion takes different shapes. It is not even necessarily the worship of a God—though primarily and in the most important respect, it is that. It is essentially the search after Truth pantingly by the individual, like the proverbial hart after the water-book. The religions of the world—Islam, Christianity, Buddhism, and the like—have helped the growth of nations by helping character-building and worldly service by their doctrines, rituals and preachings, peculiarly their own. Islam, characterised by equality of Man's opportunity of achievement, a democracy of souls; Christianity, characterised by individualism, each individual being assured of redemption, whether a sinner or a saint, by the endeavours of Jesus Christ, especially on each individual's behalf; Buddhism characterised by justice—justice eternal, unchanging, unchangable, before which gods and men are but agents, not the masters, turning the eternal wheel of births and deaths, have each helped the races in the midst of which they came to climb the ladder of evolution. Everybody will agree that but for these, human lives would have been the poorer. Many worthy civilised people of the West have held that, though they have passed beyond the need for any 'superstition' like Christianity, that religion is bound to be helpful to the orientals and other 'backward peoples'; for, to them Christianity represents the half-way house to civilisation. Even the worst cynic must concede that all religions are at least half-way houses to civilisation. But, really they are more. What probably the critics have held to be weakness are in reality strong points when interpreted by another angle of vision. Higher criticism has more often destroyed than constructed pathways to progress. So-called religious reformations have more often taken away helps under the plea that they are removing superstitions, than have aided people by the substitution of robust common sense in the place of blind belief. Experience has proved that, whereas blind belief can easily be killed, it is not so easy to build up proper critical mental faculties.

Reference has been made to various ways in which religion presents itself to people. An example may make this clear. In the Western world, the religion adopted by the people is Christianity. Setting aside for another study the treatment of the growth of European History as a result of the help of Christianity, with its hierarchy of officers, with its systems of philosophy, its teachings and examples, with its ritual, dogmas, prelates, popes, prophets, one might see in various centuries, various movements, which though not definitely Christian from the point of view of ordinary religion, might still be called religious, in so far as they led individuals and groups of individuals a little ahead

of the mass in their eternal search for Truth. Says Dr. Bosanquet in *What Religion Is*: "Whenever a man is so carried beyond himself, whether for any other being, or for a cause or for a nation, that his personal fate seems to him as nothing in comparison with the happiness or the triumph of the other, then you have the universal basis and structure of Religion. This idea of religion is worked out in Bosanquet's lectures, *The Principles of Individuality and Value*, and *The Value and Destiny of the Individual*.

Thus one reads of the great stimulus to mental culture awakened by what in the fifteenth century was called the Renaissance. With a zeal and enthusiasm worthy of better endeavours and causes, many people set themselves the task of learning Greek, and diving deep into the literature which flooded the continent,

The Renaissance was a movement inspired by the search after truth, innate in man. The Reformation movement naturally is everywhere recognised as an effort made to weed out the overgrowths, the superstitions, the encrustations, the sacerdotalism, the churchianity which had gathered about their religion. And, though a great deal of real religion was also wiped out in the general ignorance of super-physical Physics, and much cruelty and intolerance were rife in the name of Truth and commonsense, the zeal and the fervour which moved the people of the age were very great indeed. Another movement which might be called religious for our purposes will also be the great struggle for political liberty which people began to be putting up in the 17th century, and which culminated in the achievement of Democracy by France in what is called the French Revolution, after incalculable havoc, bloodshed and destruction of life and property. People felt that political liberty was a god worthy of being worshipped in a grander way than a God in a church or a temple. Whereas it might be unnecessary to have a hypothesis of God in the scheme of man's universe, it was felt that the hypothesis of the liberty of man was necessary in the scheme of Man's growth to the fulness of his stature. To this kind may also be added the 19th century struggle for the achievement of Socialism and Communism which has resulted in the turning of Religion into the service of Brother Man. These should not be thought of as either irreligious or non-religious. But for these, the Bishop of Winchester could not have declared as he did in 1913 that Western Civilisation made by Christianity stood for equality for all men and self-surrender—Social service and Democracy, in other words.

No need to add here the strictly religious movements which helped people to understand their religion from a new and further point of view and thus to get more enthusiastic to work more

strenuously in the service of Man and God. It goes without saying that the foundations of the Society of Jesus, the Society of Friends, of the Methodist and Evangelical Missions considerably added to the wealth of Western Civilisation.

It is not, however, religion in this wider sense that is so much to be emphasised as that which is commonly understood by the term in its every day use—Religion with its priests and rituals, its temples and worships, its mystic and its ethical teachings. For, however far the search after Truth might take individuals or small groups of individuals along the direction of growth aud evolution, so far as the ordinary average man in the street is concerned, the higher appeals to conscience and higher work do not touch him. The ordinary individual is usually a conservative man hidebound by conventions and tradition and orthodoxy of belief. Before the spiritual exaltation which made the martyrs and heroes and reformers of the world, which was the every-day experience of a More, a Bacon, a Cromwell, a Galileo, a Bruno, could spread to the multitude, ages must pass, and the Prophet's new message must have received by the passage of time and popular acceptance, the sanctity of custom and tradition coming down the ages. On the other hand, the ordinary religion of the land has a mighty hold on the individual and makes for his growth even better than the law of the land and governmental authority can. In spite of superstition and priestcraft, in spite of dogmas and unscientific thought, the people are held from decay by the exercise of Religion. It makes for people's unity; it makes for organisation with the full consent of the individuals comprising society. For, whereas governmental authority comes to individuals from the outside, and laws are usually felt as external pressure making for repression, religious authority, however difficult to obey, and obedience to priestly commands are easier of acceptance, because of the free or the supposedly free choice to obey. " In spiritual obedience, we act as the organs of the spiritual world and our actions are therefore more truly ours than at any other time. Faith is the foundation of the truest freedom because it gives a new power to do and be what we above all desire. By faith, we are enabled to do what we know to be supremely worth the doing, even though it would otherwise be beyond our power." (*The Nation's Schools* by H. Bompes Smith- Longmans) Hence also the utility which governments have observed in ecclesiastical organisations and the desire on their part to subsidise those movements.

(To be concluded in the next issue.)

The Science of Breathing.

By Swami Jagadiswarananda.

PSYCHO-PHYSICAL exercises of breathing play a very important part in the religious practices and spiritual discipline of India. It is one of the eight essentials of yogic esotericism and is popularly known as *Pranayam.* The science of Breathing is called *Anapan Sati* in Buddhism, and in other religions, such as Chinese Taoism, Indian Jainism, Persian Sufism, Christian Mysticism, Alexandrian Gnosticism, Jewish Quabbalism and Egyptian Hermeticism, it exists in some form or other. There is a vast literature in Samskrit on this subject, unknown to the educated world. Only a fragment of them is translated and popularised by the Theosophical Society.

Pranayam generally means control of breath. But unfortunately *Pran* is mistranslated as life or breath. In fact, there is marked difference between the Indian conception of *Pran* and the Western conception of life. Life, according to modern biology, is an accidental precipitation, decomposition or crystallisation of atoms and molecules. Vitality is the result of the mechanical activity of organs. Living Protoplasm is the chemical combination of certain elements. Prof. Watson, the founder of the Behaviourist School of Psychology thinks that consciousness, the fundamental principle of life is an 'epiphenomenon' and a function of the brain and not an entity. But to the Indian conception it is an absurd statement that life comes from non-life; on the other hand *Pran* is the cosmic life-principle. *Pran* is the cause of the movement of sun and moon, stars, planets and satellites, solar, stellar and nebular systems. It is manifested as attraction and repulsion, electricity and magnetism, heat, light and gravitation, and in short, all motion in the inorganic world. The same *Pran* is expressed as plant life, animal life and human life and all other life in the sentient world. It is the Universal Principle of living existence and continuity of the two-fold worlds of life and matter. No line of demarcation can be drawn between human life and animal life, animal life and plant life or between living and non-living. The all-pervasiveness of *Pran* may be poetically described in this way: *Pran* "sleeps in stones, breathes in plants, moves in animals and wakes up in man."

This cosmic life is localised or individualised as life in the human body. It has different names in different parts of the body according to different functions. *Pran* is its seat in the

heart and goes upward and its presence is directly felt at the tip of the nose. *Apana* is the vital force which goes downwards below the navel and is in the organs of excretion. *Vyana* moves in all directions and pervades the entire body. *Udana* is the ascending force in the throat that causes vomitting, yawning, and eructation etc. *Samana*, in the middle of the body, assimilates food and drink and converts them into chyle, blood, and other materials of the body. *Pran* is the cause of all involuntary activities of the system either in dream, sleep or waking state. [a] If anybody can control *Pran* in himself, he gains control over *Pran* in others. He becomes the master of super-normal powers. But breath being only the tangible manifestation of *Pran* to control it, it is necessary to control breath. Hence the inevitable necessity of breathing exercises.

Our ordinary breathing is so irregular that it cannot be called breathing at all. This irregularity is the root of all sickness in man. Moreover when the mind is under the sway of anger or any violent passion, breathing is quick, short and regular. At this stage some sort of poison [b] is created in the body which is so strong that it sometimes kills a man. Instances of such deaths are not rare. If during this time the breath of the man is passed through a solution in a glass tube, distinct changes will be observed, but the breath of a normal man will bring no such change. On the other hand, if the mind be full of thoughts of peace, happiness, love and bliss, breathing is long, deep and slow. When the mind is absorbed in any interesting study, sweet music, or scenic beauty, or if the mind is concentrated in prayer or meditation, the breath is regular, long and deep. So the aim of the breathing exercises should be to prolong, deepen and regulate breath. Ordinarily, we use only one-sixth of the capacity of the lungs, but if the remaining five-sixths can be utilised in respiration, man can work miracles. It is the unused major portion of the lungs that is the depot of disease-bacilli of Pthisis, Asthma etc. [c] I know personally a friend of mine who got rid of his chronic asthma by practising breathing exercises only for a few weeks. *Pranayam* helps to make habitual use of the full capacity of the lungs.

The first as well as the safest and simplest exercise is this: Take your seat cross-legged on a cushion, or no matter, if on a chair, with out-stretched legs, facing the open window of your bed room. It can be practised while standing early in the morn-

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(a) The mind being a subtler form of *Pran*, it controls life as the rider the horse. But the body is propelled by *Pran* like an automobile.

(b) For further details see *How to be a Yogi* by Swami Abhedananda.

(c) For further details see *Pranayam* by Swami Kuvalayananda.

ing either on a beach, river-side or any open space or near the hills. In a measured way breathe in and out. Breathe in regularly, * rhythmically, harmoniously as if in accompaniment of some music to your comfortable capacity, and then without retaining the breath inside even for a second breathe out as before. After that without retaining the breath at all outside, breathe in as before. One such inhalation and one such exhalation make one complete exercise. Twenty such exercises are enough at a time. At least twice a day morning and evening, it must be repeated regularly for three months when distinct results will be attained. While taking the exercise, the inspiration and expiration must be very slow and simple, not artificial or rapid. The foremost requisite for a practitioner is patience and regularity. A rash student is sure to come to grief. Success without fail attends patient practice. It is better if the other exercises are practically learnt from an expert.

The first results attained are these: The bowels will move very easily. Even chronic constipation is bound to yield to this practice. You will have a good appetite. The complexion will be fair as blood will be purified. The voice will be sweeter. No yogi has a croaking voice. Dullness and dejection, morbidity and moroseness will disappear and continous cheerfulness will take their place. Harsh lines will no longer be found on the face. Tired and exhausted nerves will be soothed. You will enjoy a rest beyond compare. Compared to that rest, the rest of sleep is nothing. You will feel that you had never rested in your life. There are men yogis who live without sleep. Because during *Pranayam* our individual life makes contact with the cosmic life consciously and directly that renews and replenishes, energises and revitalises our nervous system. New cells are created in the body. Sleep only brings us into touch with cosmic life indirectly and unconsciously. Hence the necessity of sleep for ordinary man. The sense organs are extraordinarily sharpened. Man gets Radio-ears for he can hear from a great distance without a telephone or radiophone. Man gets Rontgen eyes with natural television and can see without telescope or microscope from a distance and so on. Every newspaper reader knows how recently an engineer of Poland stumbled on his brain power to hear without a receiver, all the broadcasting operations. By breathing exercises man can naturally develop his latent powers from within.

Besides, breathing exercises have wonderful physiological values. We all know there are four fundamental elements in nature, namely, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and carbon. Of these

* For further details see *Rajayoga* by Swami Vivekananda.

four oxygen is the most important. One fifth of the atmosphere is oxygen, eight-ninth by weight of seawater and all water is oxygen. More than about half of the rocks and all solid substance and more than half of that vegetable kingdom is oxygen. If a man weighs 150 lbs , about 140 lbs. is oxygen. The air we breathe in contains 21 per cent. of oxygen but when we breathe out the same it will contain 12 per cent. only as the system absorbs 88 per cent. in the blood. We breathe out carbon-dioxide and the plant-kingdom absorbs it and breathes out oxygen. So it is a custom with the yogis to keep close contact with Nature by living and lying under trees etc. Only recently, nature cure specialists and other scientists have begun to realise the hygenic values of these age-old Indian customs, so long neglected and misinterpreted as superstitious and rustic.

The oxygen entering into the lungs passes through the pulmonory capillaries into the blood and the haemoglobin molecules of it are oxidised by it forming oxy-haemoglobins. These oxy-haemoglobin corpuscles in the blood are the most important substances which counteract all attacks of disease germs. The more a system can absorb oxygen the better for it. Even the dying man is allowed to inhale oxygen in order to make him linger in this world a few more minutes. With long practice man can be absolutely without any food and can live entirely on air. There are yogis who can live on air alone. Oxygen is the breath of life. Zoologists have found out that some snakes and other animals live absolutely on air a few months of the year. The great Indian Yogi Parhari Baba lived on air alone. There are * 75 pulses in a minute and in one pulsation two ounces of blood passes through the lungs; in 3 minutes all the blood of the body which is about one-fifth of the whole weight of the body would have done so. So breathing exercises should be practised for 15 minutes at a stretch. As the human system is made of five elements, *Ksiti*, *Ap*, *Teja*, *Marut* and *Byom*, or solid, liquid, gas etc., its sustenance requires food-stuffs of these five elements. But we ordinarily take more solid and liquid foods and neglect the rest. That is why the nervous system is clogged and congested with morbid matter. There are about 72000 *nadis*(5) or nerves in the body, according to yogic science. These nerves are the vehicles of *Pran*. When the humors in the nerves are cleansed, retention of breath becomes easy. Free circulation of *Pran* being checked, there is either superfluity or lack of *Pran*, in parts of the body, and this is the cause of disease in man. When *Pran* flows smoothly and freely everywhere, the body is totally

* For further details see *Patanjali Yoga Sutras* with translation. Theosophical Society's Edition.

immune from illness. Breathing exercises alone can do that permanently.

If the system can absorb sufficient air, solid food is redundant. When the nerves are purified by practice of *Pranayam* the body becomes very light. When breathing exercises are performed, the first sign will be a profuse perspiration, owing to the foreign matter being dislodged from the system. The second stage is flux or tremor. The third stage is levitation. The body will be lighter than air and can float in the air. In the preliminary stage, the aspirant will feel that his body has no weight and that it is as light as down. He will not so much feel the necessity of rest and sleep. He will get an inexhaustible supply of energy from the dynamo within. Health, holiness and happiness are one and the same thing. By these exercises the parts will be united with the whole. Man can transmit health at will from himself to other bodies. We know how Babar transferred his life and longevity to his son, Humayun. Man can prolong his life by reducing the number of breathings. We know how Sadhu Haridas of India did so. By the order of the Raja Ranjit Singh he was placed in a hermitically sealed box and buried in an underground cell for forty days. After the period he was found alive.

The second exercise is to breathe in and out through both the nostrils as in the first, but to hold the breath outside as much as possible, easily. The third exercise is to hold the breath inside as in the second. The fourth is to breathe in through the left nostril closing the right rhythmically as before. Breathe out in the same way without retaining inside and again breathe in without retaining outside. The fifth one is to breathe in for 4 seconds, retain for 8 seconds and breathe out in 16 seconds.

In order to ensure health and happiness breathe through the left during day time and through the right during night. If you can breathe through the right from 10 minutes before meals to ten minutes after meals digestion is very easy. Breathe through the left when in rest. Never sleep on the back and scarcely on the right side as the nervous system is pressed, disturbing the flow of *Pran*. Lie down always on the left. During activity breath flows through the right. But when the mind is concentrated in meditation breath flows through both *Ida* and *Pingala*, i. e., through the third nostril *Sushumna* situated in the vertebral column in the back-bone. When breath flows through the third nostril nerve-centres infinite potential powers are opened and man becomes almost Almighty. Breathing exercises can be practised by boys and girls. Mahatma Gandhi is a great advocate of breathing exercises.

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"Old Pechi."

By P. G. Krishna Iyer, B. A., L. T.

"NEVER before was such worry, or such disappointment," muttered Pechi, the old village cowherdess, as she was returning after a fruitless search for Ramayya's milk-white Gujarathi cow "Gouri". "How shall I meet 'Periachami' and his wife?" she continued, "They will eat me up alive."—A shiver ran through her entire frame.

Pechi had seen seventy two winters: and was yet wonderfully hale and hearty for her age. She was as agile as the rabbit of the woodland: and could tame the wildest and the most excited and cross-grained cows more easily and more quickly than the professional. From dawn to dusk, hers was one round of never ending work faithfully discharged. The break of day would see her in the village busy milking cows, to say nothing of the duties of the veterinary and the sanitary overseer of the cowhouses. Precisely at nine in the morning she would take charge of the hundreds of village cows from the streets, and drive them on to the grazing grounds, hillsides and dales, and would drive them back safely to their owners before night-fall. And in the discharge of her manifold duties she was materially assisted by Chinnan and Arunachalam, her two grown up sons who were veritable chips of the old block.

Pechi was the trusted friend, philosopher and guide of the village womenfolk among whom she performed the virtual function of a newspaper also. There never was a village gossip or domestic scandal, family fued or street brawl in which she had not taken a lion's share. Intelligent and shrewd, she was by nature, gifted with a large measure of 'saving common sense'. 'An expert judge of cows and bulls, her opinion in selecting them, and in fixing up their prices was generally final. She possessed a smattering of medicine, midwifery and necromancy which she unstintingly placed at the disposal of the villagers, high and low at all times. She had, in fact, become such a potent factor in the village that her absence for a day or two would create a conspicuous gap in the routine life or sensational politics of that little world.

All the villagers liked her immensely: for, she was uniformly punctual and regular, and honest to a degree.

On that fateful evening Pechi sat unusually fatigued and dispirited on a small piece of rock on the eastern bank of the "Rasankulam," with her left hand supporting her long, turned-up

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chin. Her thoughts were evidently rambling far and near: and she looked much troubled and crest-fallen. Poor woman, what was she to do? She realised only too well that her hard-earned, well-established prestige and reputation were at stake, were about to be gone. Who would trust her in future if Ramayya's "Gouri" was lost for ever? Did she not take charge of her in the morning? And was she not responsible for her safety? She must find her out now, or pay up her fabulous price. But neither seemed possible: and Ramayya was not the man to give quarter if his cow was not forthcoming.

Such were her thoughts and fears. She trembled and wept for long. And when Chinnan and Arunachalam came and told her that their efforts too had proved futile, her consternation might better be imagined than described. Her dark, narrow, wrinkled forehead was covered with drops of perspiration. "Why? Not seen in any of the adjoining hills and dales also, Chinnan?" she said in great anguish.

Chinnan:—No, Mother: Nowhere is Gouri seen. What a strange mystery!

Pechi:—Did you go to the den of that scoundrel, I mean, the leader of the cattle-lifting gang?

Arunachalam:—Yes, mother: we searched there as everywhere else cautiously, and with care: but to no purpose. What is to be done now?

The question found but an echo in Pechi's heart. And while the two brothers stood blank, Pechi's head was in a terrible whirl: her heart pulsated violently for a time as though heading to a dead stop. She would have fainted away, had not Chinnan thrown some cold water on her pale face, and poured into her parched-up mouth a cup of that invigorating elixir of life-toddy.

II

"What, dirty hag, where is our dear Gouri?" roared Ramayya in great anger: while Pechi stood before him with bended knees and bated breath. Her eyes were streaming with tears: her heart heaving with grief. Her stentorian voice which used to reverberate across the grazing grounds all day long, remained subdued: her agile wiry body shivered. She was, in fact, more dead than alive. "Well, you must have sold it to ...... to ... I know you received a big sum," and his eyes flashed fire: "Speak the truth or, the police— yes — those custodians of law — will squeeze it out of you, — you try to conceal, eh? Yes, I can see it from your cunning look, Pechi." He then turned round and said: "Kumaru, who has gone to inform the police?" And without waiting for an answer, Ramayya walked off suddenly from

there plying and ploughing the air around him with much gesticulation.

Poor Pechi stood perplexed and stunned. While some of the villagers gazed on in surprise, small knots of idlers, gathered here and there, some sympathising with honest Pechi, a few critisising her for her culpable carelessness, and yet a few others shaking their heads knowingly, and winking significantly which seemed to say: "Well, well, we know it all, Pechi ; take care : you cannot be fooling people for all time."

Ramayya was the richest and the most influential man of the village. His personality was towering, his voice commanding. He was by nature not meant to play to the gallery. In money matters he was rather strict, and provokingly exacting. Generous he could certainly be ; but his generosity never took him so far as to earn for him lasting popularity all around. He had therefore his enemies and detractors even among his own kith and kin, who often chuckled at his misfortunes, and gloated over his losses. But his honesty and straightforwardness were proverbial. If he was quick to get angry he was even quicker to make amends, should his actions come to be realised as unfair or unjust.

He was unfortunately childless ; and he and his wife were, therefore, lavishing all their pent-up love and affection on their cows and their calves. 'Gouri' was their darling ; for, she was handsome, good natured, and eminently capable of reciprocating their affection and fondness. The old couple would forego a thousand rupees—ten thousand rupees even—rather than lose their loving 'Gouri' who was then in the family way. They were looking forward with no small amount of joy to the day when she would bring forth a handsome calf. It was at such a time that she was found missing. You may well imagine their sorrow and anger at the unexpected calamity—for, to them it was nothing short of a dire calamity.

The village astrologer who was soon sent for came, and said after his cowrie manipulation and calculations that the loss was beyond recovery. The street *Poosari* with his never-failing inspiration from *Mariamman* confirmed the astrologer's view. The Yogi's *ink-test*, and the priest's *flower-test* in the temple pointed to the same conclusion. The centenarian *Ghanapadi*, and the octogenerian granny of the village alike thought that the cow was lost beyond redemption. Poor Ramayya stood as one struck by a bolt from the blue.

III

The loss of the famous Gouri spread like wild-fire in every nook and corner of the quaint old village and its suburbs, and

created such a sensation that wherever men, women, and children were gathered that evening—near the wells, on the tank bunds, inside the temple, in the market place, along the bazaar roads—the one topic of absorbing interest, and heated discussion was the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the famous cow. Women-folk sat at night-fall in rings and rows on the verandah of the house of their leader 'Kamakshi,' and held an emergent session of their Council. Kamalam, Sundari, Balamal, Seshi, and a host of the other members of the Council were there, analysing in detail the probabilities, and examining the pros and the cons of the case. The discussion was long and sometimes warm.

"Pechi will never stoop to do such a nasty thing," said one at last. "She is a paragon of virtue."

"Quite true," said another, 'but you see it is opportunity that makes the thief," she added with a twinkle in her long black eyes.

"Do not scandalise people without sufficient proof," put in Kamalam, with her wonted charity. "I have known her for the past five decades and more; and I may say with some amount of confidence that Pechi is incapable of such mean duplicity. The cow has perhaps strayed away unnoticed. It may very likely turn up in a day or two."

"You seem to be wiser than the astrologer, the Poosari, the Yogi, and the temple deity even," blurted out Seshi in a contemptous tone. Kamalam seemed to ignore the remark.

"Sister Kamalam," began Balamal, "You cannot be so sure of Pechi's character. She may be cleverly concealing a vicious heart under the cloak of a virtuous exterior. All is not gold that glitters you know". "Nonsense," interposed Sundari who bore a grudge to Balamal. "Nonsense, I say; you are always fond of throwing mud on others—silly pest that you are! Away with your oracular assertions and pretensions. Shut up, venomous reptile?"

Balamal was not the woman to take such cutting remarks and aspersions coolly lying down. She retaliated by an unbroken volley of obscene vituperation. Sundari's anger was roused; and Balamal's ire inflamed; and the two women quarrelled like cats, each flinging freely and in abundant measure, invectives at the other with a vehemence and vulgarity which seemed staggering. They were about to come to blows when Kamakshi, the president of the Council, interposed and quieted them down with rare diplomacy and commendable tact. The Council then stood adjourned for a time.

IV

It was 11 O'clock in the night when Mr. Chellaya, the Police Sub-Inspector, came to the spot with a band of ominous-looking constables who were fully dressed and who had their batons and swords on. Their blood-shot eyes were rolling under the influence of some strong drink, and their long sickle-shaped moustache struck terror in the minds of the rustic on-lookers. The Sub-Inspector who was received with the deference due to an officer of his high position and authority walked slowly up and sat cross-legged on the checkered grass-mat spread on the polished verandha of Ramayya's new three-storied house on the northern row ; while the constables stood scattered at some respectable distance leaning on the high front wall of Ramayya's plantain grove opposite the house, sometimes chatting in whispers among themselves, and often motioning to the crowd of people who had gathered there to keep silent.

The tall brass lamp with all its five wicks was alight. The circular silver disc containing a very liberal supply of chewing materials and spices was placed in front of the Inspector who was known to be a confirmed chewer. The village headman, and the members of the street Panchayat had arrived ; and all had squatted on the mats and rugs in places and positions appropriate to their status in life. Old Krishna Sastri who was an authority in *smrithis* and *sastras* came soon after, and was respectfully received, and seated a little apart in a place of honour.

In response to the request of Ramayya the Sub-Inspector fell to chewing and started the enquiry in right earnest, often spitting out the red betel juice from his mouth through the funnel-shaped opening formed between his two left hand fingers placed on the lips just below his long aquiline nose. He was gently stroking his long and bushy moustache, occasionally twisting it up with an air of superior importance, and glancing down on it every now and then with evident satisfaction and pride.

" Is Pechi here ?" he began at last in a severely official tone which sounded foreboding. Two or three constables pushed her roughly from behind, while one or two dragged the old creature, and set her right in front of the Sub-Inspector. The old woman, clothed in stinking rags bowed low, and stood there with both her palms clasped and raised to her forehead as in the presence of the temple god. Her visage bore a very troubled and agonised expression; but from her sunken eyes shot forth flames of pardonable anger at the public humiliation she was being subjected to. And like a tigress at bay she stood there restless and furious, but yet humble and subdued. Did her legs tremble, and her knees

knock? If so, it was more on account of the *thought* of the prospective public odium than of any fear of the personnel of the grand tribunal sitting before her solemnly to decide the case.

'Is your name Pechi?' interrogated the Inspector. The gentle murmur of the crowd subsided all on a sudden, and a sepulchral silence pervaded the air around.

Pechi:—Yes, *Yesaman Sahib.*

Inspector:— What is your age, old woman?

Pechi:— Somewhere near seventy or eighty, they say. I have heard it said that I was born on the day of the dedication of that new temple (and she pointed to the temple a few yards off) to our family deity "Venoo Gopal".

Inspector:— "Where are your two sons?" Chinnan and Arunachalam stepped forward and after prostrating themselves before the august personage, remained at some distance, their hands folded, their ragged upper cloth tied round their hips like a sash.

"Did you take charge of the cow in question this morning?" asked the Inspector with a frown.

Pechi:— I did, Ma'raj.

Inspector:— Did you take it back safely to the house in the evening as usual?

Pechi:— "If I had done so, *yesaman* would not have come here, to take the life out of me. Gouri was missing from the herd soon after midday. We searched for her from then till late in the night: but, alas! in vain." She then sobbed for a while, much afflicted at heart.

Inspector:— Who is responsible for the loss, you or your sons, or both?

Pechi:— The responsibility is entirely mine: my children's turn will come only after their mother passes away.

Inspector:— Were you or any other member of your house charged at any time before with cattle-lifting or selling cows entrusted to your care?

Pechi's anger at the unwarranted insinuation and insult surged within her. She knew how to answer the insult; but realising her then helpless condition, she controlled herself.

"No, never *yesaman*," she said, "our occupation is too noble and too sacred to allow of such duplicity and corruption," and she cast a significant glance at the Police officer and his men.

"Do not speak nonsense," thundered the Inspector. "You say, then," continued he, "you do not know how or when or where the cow disappeared?

Pechi :— How do I know that ? She was grazing with her comrades till noon when I sat as usual for my mid-day fare under the banyan tree. I never moved farther than the small stream close by where I went to drink some water. I returned, sat again and chewed betel and soon after lay down fatigued on the turf under the cool shade of the hoary peepul tree. I rested there for a while; but was soon roused by the shrieks, whistles and rumbling noise of the giant road-roller. I ran up and assured myself that no cow had strayed away beyond the meadow. If I remember right Gouri was then among the herd close upon the eastern ridge.

Inspector :— Wait a bit. What made you think of assuring yourself that Gouri was there ?

Pechi :— Why, she was expected to bring forth a calf at any moment.

Inspector :— Did you actually sleep while you were resting on the turf ?

Pechi :— No, *yesaman* Ma'raj. No, I never *sleep* during the days. I simply have no time for it.

Inspector :— You did not notice any one coming across the ground at the time ?

Pechi :— None, not even a mosquito or a flea.

Inspector :— Look here, Pechi ; why were you closetted with that Chenkannu, the head of the cattle-lifting gang a couple of days ago ?

Pechi :— I was never closetted with that rascal, or for that matter, with anybody. All people know that we are bitter enemies. He has even threatened to cut my throat and to exterminate my family for keeping a sharp watch over him and his nefarious trade.

Inspector :— So you fear him ?

Pechi :— Why should I fear him of all men ? My Chinnan or Arunachalam is a match for a hundred Chenkannus.

Inspector :— Here are two witnesses who declare on oath that they saw you and Chenkannu engaged in a long talk *yesterday* also, and that Chenkannu was pointing to Gouri often in the course of the conversation.

"It is all a baseless lie—malicious calumny," screamed out Pechi losing self-control ; for a moment she utterly forgot herself and the situation she was then in. "Whoever says so is a foul-mouthed liar and deserves the gallows."

"Shut up," roared the Inspector looking very ferocious "This kerchief," he added with a mumbling modulation of his official voice, "This kerchief was taken from your hut at 6 P. M.

to-day by P. C. No. 618, and Neelan, the trusted servant of Ramayya. Does it belong to you or to your sons ?"

Pechi:— No, it is not ours ; of what use is a kerchief to us ?

Inspector :— Do you know then, whose that is ?

Pechi:— I do not know. It may be any body's ; it may even be the *yesaman's* ; but it was never in my house.

" They say that it belongs to Chenkannu," said the Inspector with a jeer on his lips. He raised his head and fixed his searching eyes on her, and said : " You will not speak the truth, wretch. You conceal facts and pretend ignorance and innocence, dirty hag." Then turning with an air of superior authority towards the men sitting silently on either side of him in right judicial fashion and then towards the old woman he burst forth : " Well, well, you are playing too much with fire. You are old, and I did not want to be severe with you if you would confess your guilt. But you are unrepentent. You will confess everything, if not here, at any rate when you are taken to the station and properly dealt with there."

Ramayya's nephew here interposed with much humility, and referred to the letter written on a palm leaf which was found in Pechi's deal-wood box.

" Letter ?" snarled Pechi in indignation mingled with contempt. " Whose letter ? What have we to do with letters ? We know not how to read or write. Oh ! God ! what a crafty world this is !!"

" Don't you know," said Ramayya, with a sardonic smile, " that Chenkannu, your young paramour, has written it to you ? —your guilt is clean from it, you cunning fox. Poor Gouri—she was sold away for the paltry sum of rupees fifteen. I do not know what that butcher has done with my darling. He must have killed it and eaten it up, I am sure. Ho ! Ho !! what a sin ; Ha ! He i !! Ho i !!" and Ramayya fell into a paroxysm of weeping like a helpless little child.

Many of those who had assembled there were so deeply touched by Ramayya's inconsolable grief, that they pooh-poohed Pechi, and cried out : " Abominable witch ! wretched creature ! you must be stoned to death for your diabolical duplicity. Fie upon your crocodile tears !"

The Inspector and the five members of the Panchayat held some brief consultation with Sastri and the headman of the village. There was a free and frank exchange of views among them for nearly a quarter of an hour, which clearly indicated sharp differences.

Pechi realised, in the meanwhile, that false evidence had been cooked to trump up a case against her, and to damn her for ever. A few minutes more, and she would be charged with, and

pronounced guilty of, a grave offence which would bring her untold misery and unmitigated shame. She looked around. Not one among the hundreds of men gathered there deigned to extend to her poor self even a *look* of sympathy. Had the ground where she stood opened, and swallowed her up in the chasm, she would have deemed it a welcome stroke of good fortune, or divine intervention. That she was innocent, but had no means of proving it drove her almost mad with desperation. It was a supreme moment in her life when all human help was denied to her and when the all-knowing God alone was her one strength, her only hope and stay. She wrung her hands, and like one who had lost her senses, she ran up to the temple steps and loudly called upon God to hasten to her help then and there. She averred that she would undergo any ordeal before Him to establish her innocence. She would dip her fingers in boiling ghee or oil, jump headlong into the flaming fire, or thrust her hands into the pot containing hooded serpents. "Gouri, oh Gouri dear!" she raved aloud in heart-rending agony, "You have brought all this on my poor old head. You whom I fondled, caressed day after day, and loved more than my life, are ruining me and my fair name. Where art thou gone, dearest Gouri? Oh my dearest Gouri!"

Hardly had she finished uttering these words when, as though in response to her earnest call, came forth "*Ahmah*! *mha*!! *Ahmah*!!!" from the depths of the grove in front of Ramayya's house. All heard the bellow in the darkness with feelings of awe. Pechi knew in an instant the familiar answer-call, and in the twinkling of an eye she sprang as one inspired at the garden wall, and bursting open the rickety wooden gate hastened towards the old and deserted byre and the long rows of hay-stacks standing apart. She had not to walk far into that forest of plantain trees and tapioca; for the good-natured Gouri was slowly coming on, affectionately licking her new-born calf and gently pushing it onward. 'Is it all a dream?" muttered Pechi to herself, and she wiped her eyes which were now dim with tears of joy. "God be praised!" she said, and pressed on; and clasping Gouri's handsome neck, kissed her a thousand times, and then danced in ecstatic bliss, oblivious of everything else.

She took the infant calf in her proud arms, and walked erect before the solemn tribunal, followed by Ramayya's divinely beautiful cow. The whole assembly was astonished beyond measure and remained dumb-founded for a while. "Long live Pechi!", All honour to honest Pechi Thayi!" rent the village air in the midst of wild and thundering applause.

The good old Pechi stood smiling, her honesty and honour fully vindicated, all bitterness gone out.

Ceaseless Sati.

By An Incognito M. A.

THE thought of those dark days horrifies me—the days when I was something less than human, a wild creature unappreciative of softer feelings. My early years were spent in a solitary mountain-girt inland village far removed from the civilising influences of urban centres. I had only seen the mountaineers chasing the hares, or laying traps for beasts, or roasting amidst tumultuous glee live peacocks. My heart had therefore hardened and my mind was impervious to healthy suggestions when as the result of a windfall my family removed to the City in my twentieth year. I was then an untamed, rugged youth. But wealth has a strange power of magnifying things, and what with my nicely-combed hair, sparkling ear-rings and gaudy dress and with my evening drives along the Marina, I looked a youth of solid worth. A constant stuffing in of nutritious foods gave a glow to my body and a cheer to my face.

Perhaps deceived by my appearance and induced by the wealth in the family, Urmila's parents sought me as their son-in-law. I vividly remember the day when we went for 'bridal inspection' to Urmila's house. She was only thirteen then, and was the very soul of joy. She was playing with a fawn, hugging, patting, kissing it; she scarcely seemed to have earthly cares. On her father's request she sang some mysterious tunes, but with the music still in her mouth she ran away in search of play. Her father showed us her queer paintings and drawings, her attempts at verse and other manifestations of her genius. Urmila was a tiny bud of perfection.

And we were married.

With all her love of fun and frolic Urmila could not in this universe of changes long remain a girl. She grew into a woman, no more able to wander about, no more at liberty to hug fawns. When she commenced house-keeping with me the early poetry in her life suffered an eclipse. But that was not the only tragedy.

I had with me a distant cousin who also had a right to our property. She was the impersonation of all ugliness and bore the apt name of Pidari. I have often wondered what particular faculty of His the Creator wanted to reveal by equipping Pidari in such hideous manner. She was an exception, not the rule; she was no woman, but a ghost. And on the day when

Urmila set foot in my house, news came that Pidari's husband died of an accident. My feeling was that nothing became my cousin so well as widowhood, and that the best thing that her husband did in life was his ending it ere Pidari joined him. Pidari wept out her very soul unable to bear the crushing blow, but every wailing note of hers had the burden of a curse on Urmila 'for walking into the house with death'. What agony must it have been for the innocent Urmila to be charged in that manner! But I was wooden at that time and did not intervene.

And then began for Urmila an endless process of pin-pricks. Pidari was always at her heels like a hound after a deer, directing her to do this work and that, now in the stable, and now in the kitchen. Urmila was cook, servant, attender, scavenger, nurse, washer-woman and everything to Pidari. Within a month after her arrival Urmila grew pale and thin. As for me, I was busy with forenoon and afternoon naps, and with playing cards in the intervals, and had neither the time nor the goodness to care much for the feelings and sentiments of a wife. I stayed at home for a few hours in the day when I made indents on the capacity of my wife to satisfy my longings by her smiles and kisses, and then on the complaint of Pidari I admonished her severely, gave her knocks on the head and commanded, on pain of divorce, abject obedience to Pidari, the 'real mistress of the house'.

I hang down my head in shame to record these inglorious incidents in my life, but I had no idea of their ingloriousness then. Urmila never told me a word about her misery, never retorted to Pidari's curses, never assumed a sullen face. But she must have shed silent tears—tears that came out of unbearable mental agony. But like those unknowing lambs that love the slaying hand, Urmila looked all content and happiness.

Years passed—two long years when I grew rakish and Pidari demoniac and Urmila the very picture of calm. And one day I received a summons to answer the charge of treating my wife cruelly and to show cause why I should not be separated from her and be made to pay maintenance charges on her behalf. I grew red with indignation, ran to Pidari, and we both fell on Urmila demanding her explanation. She said calmly, 'I know nothing'. Pidari showered on her abuses and 'finger-kicks' till Urmila fainted away. My conviction was that Urmila had written to her father asking him to take her away. I would have gladly parted with Urmila if death had snatched her away, but to become the laughing-stock of society by being made to appear in court was something I could not bear. And the difficulty was that Urmila herself had been summoned too. The very thought of my wife detailing to an eager crowd her magnified miseries

made the blood freeze in me. I told her: "Your father is a rogue to have instituted a case against me. And because you are going away to him on the ground that I am cruel, I shall bestow on you to-day all cruelties I am capable of, so that you can never forget me." And Pidari and I made the day very hot for Urmila. But let me draw the curtain over the details of that torture.

That evening I learnt that a neighbour of mine was responsible for telling Urmila's father of her unhappiness in her husband's home. Evidently then Pidari's exploits were known abroad! And there were more happenings in the house than I knew of! Pidari had a mastery over me because of her right to a share of the property.

Next day we appeared before the Judge who put most inconvenient questions to me. My father-in-law read out my neighbour's letter to him giving a harrowing description of Pidari's tyranny and my indifference to my wife's welfare. The whole assembly heaved sighs of sympathy and pity. I never raised my head.

Urmila was summoned. "Tell me, Madam, if you want separation from your cruel husband." the Judge asked.

Urmila's reply stunned everybody. "There could never be a kindlier husband on earth. All this is false story—false as a fairly tale," she said.

"But that cousin in the house seems to cause your unhappiness." added the Judge.

"We live as sisters. Joy is my only lot in my husband's home." Urmila added.

"The case is dismissed." said the Judge.

* * * *

That night, when all was quiet, I went to the sleeping Urmila and woke her up. I knelt beside her, kissed her hand and said, "Urmila! you are no woman. You are a goddess. You deserve a temple to be built for you."

Urmila lifted me up and said: "Beloved, do you want to make me a stony idol?'

"No," I said, "you will be worshipped in my heart. But will you not explain things?"

"Dearest! I have done nothing to deserve any extraordinary praise. I have only done a woman's duty," answered Urmila. "The Hindu wife's lot is one of ceaseless sacrifice. She is a long poem of self-annihilation and renunciation. You have heard of ancient women who performed Sati on the husband's pyre. That

was only one aspect of Sati. Everyday we have to burn our own personal conveniences at the altar of the husband's happiness. We always keep our selves last. Wifehood and motherhood are one long lesson in penance and austerity. The privilege of losing ourselves that others may live is our monopoly. We attain immortality only in that way. Had I acted differently, I would have been a traitor to the genius of Hindu womanhood, I would not have been a *Bharata-putri*, nor a glorious descendant of Sita."

"But Pidari ?" I queried.

"She will come round soon. She is yet childish," said Urmila.

"You women are saviours and redeemers; you are the real emancipators of mankind," I said. "You reclaim men from chaos."

"Redemption through suffering is our normal function," said Urmila.

* * * *

Our home is now a shrine. Urmila is the presiding deity. And two devout worshippers adore her with the gratitude of liberated souls.

Mental Sight

By P. M. Hari.

THE mind of man seems to be capable of throwing off the limitations placed on it by the human senses and reason, and to be able to obtain knowledge independently of them at times. The mind can, under certain conditions, travel out of the bounds of individual experience and knowledge, and discern facts and things far removed from, and unknown to, the person.

The mind of a mesmeric subject often does such things. But the subject does not then, in waking consciousness, remember what the mind perceived in the sub-conscious state. But when the human mind acquires such knowledge *without* the intervention of a superior mind, *then* it may carry memories of it into the waking consciousness. Sometimes the ordinary human mind in a normal state transgresses its limits, and acquires such knowledge. How the mind of man can be made at will to voluntarily throw off its limitations is still not fully understood.

In some exceptionally calm moments, the human mind involuntarily slips out of the bonds of its body and goes out far into the world and directly descries places and things hidden from the individual. It does so in a few moments. It then carries with it memories of its perceptions to the waking consciousness of the man. And such perceptions of the mind are, unlike those of the more commonly used senses, never faulty. They are very clear and accurate.

Some time ago I lost a cow. One morning, as usual, the cowboy had taken it from the pen and driven it along with other cattle to the pasture. It did not return home in the evening. I, therefore, sent the cow-herd brothers and some coolies to search for it. They rummaged the suburbs of my locality for about a week, but could not get a trace of the animal. We concluded that it had gone into the maw of the wild beasts that sometimes swoop down from the neighbouring hills at night and return with their prey into the wilderness before day-break. Days and weeks passed, and I completely forgot everything about the cow.

It was in the small hours of a cool summer morning. I was fast asleep in bed. Suddenly I became conscious. I was not awake bodily, but I was clearly and intensely conscious with full self-possession. With the awakening of my consciousness, I saw a bright patch of light. The patch swiftly expanded into a large

circle and appeared something like what is made by the projection of the rays of a flash-light on a snow-white screen. I was looking into the light. In the middle of the circle I saw a broad, brown road. It extended like a diameter, from a point of the circumference near me to the point farthest from me. The road was bordered on both sides with avenue trees. The trees were mostly young tamarind, with spreading branches full of dust-clad leaves, each tree presenting, on the whole, the appearance of a large open umbrella. The trees had hardly begun to bear. Beyond the trees, on either side of the road, were paddy fields. In a few moments I began to move along this road. I passed along some ascents and descents and turnings on the road, and left behind a few culverts and thatched huts scattered here and there on one side of the road. At length I reached the foot of a pretty long ascent with a thatched hut used for a shop at the crest of it. I paused and looked about as though directed by some unseen hand. On both sides of the road there were large avenue trees, mostly banyan. To my left, beyond the avenue trees, was a hard, parched, rising wasteland with a pond holding some muddy water at its lower end, a little below where I paused. To my right, beyond the avenue trees, were paddy fields with rows of palmyrahs on the bunds. The fileds were rich with golden crops ripe for harvest. A few plots here and there had been reaped.

As I looked over the fields covered with crops, my eyes fell on a tall, lean man, bent a little with age and clad in a soiled cloth. He had a long, grey beard, and a clean-shaven head with a piece of cloth around it for a turban. His right hand, armed with a stick, was lifted in driving off a cow that was trying to snatch away a last mouthful of grain in its hurry to escape the impending blow. The cow was a black middle-aged one with short horns. It was well-fed and was about to run away from the field full of ripe crops. *I recognised the cow as mine.* With the recognition of it came to me the idea that it was about 5 P. M. I felt the mellow rays of the declining sun pour on me, and saw the golden crops glow and gleam in the evening light and sway happily with the enthusiasm of the vagrant breeze that whistled along the fields. At this stage the scene suddenly blotted out. The curtain fell; it was all dim or dark. I had full consciousness and self-possession, but I was not yet awake bodily. I lay quiet.

In a few moments the light re-appeared. There was no road nor field now. The light was in front of me and touching me. It was all bright and cool. I looked into it and saw a hurdle-like bamboo stile in the middle of a bamboo-thorn fence. The stile was in front of me, forming the gate-way to a fairly large thatched farm-house. The farm-house had a large compound full of

trees and palms and bamboo clusters. I crossed the stile and stepped into the court-yard of the barn-house. The house faced east with a portico-like verandah in front. To the east of the house and confronting it was a newly built, neat-looking, spacious tiled shed, divided into two compartments by a wooden partition. There was also a low-roofed thatched cattle-pen behind the farm-house. I saw all the buildings and their surroundings in detail and at last espied a black cow in the cattle-shed. It was lying down and masticating its food. It was my cow, and I rejoiced at the sight of it. But with the thrill of joy the whole scene disappeared, and it was again dark. Although I was still conscious and self-possessed, I was not bodily awake. I lay quiet as before and gradually sank into deep sleep. The striking of the clock awoke me. It was five o' clock. I rose from my bed.

Later that morning I called the cow-boy and asked him if he knew of any place like the one I had seen in my vision. Although he did not, I asked him and his brothers to go beyond the suburbs of the town and if they happened to come upon any place like the one I had described to them, to make enquiries regarding the cow. They took my advice with a sly smile and went away.

The following day my cowherd's brother, one of those sent out to search on the previous day, came and told me that a cow like mine had been impounded at a place six miles off my locality for having strayed into paddy fields and done damage to crops. He got the information from someone living near the place where the cow had been impounded.

Soon after I got the information, I set out for the place, taking the cow-boy with me. Travelling about five miles from my house, I reached a road like the one I had seen in my vision. The road with its avenue trees, etc., was exactly as I had seen it in my vision. Gathering hope I went on and at length reached the foot of a long ascent on the road with a hut at its top. I stopped my carriage and went down the slope to make inquiries. But I needed to make none. When I looked around I descried the fields to my right, and a farm-house a little to the north. To my left was the barren waste and the pond I had seen in my vision. But the fields to my right, having been harvested, was bald.

At sight of the farm-house, I felt quite sure and went straight to it. I climbed over the stile and stood in the court-yard and looked about in wonder and joy. For, how exactly the reality tallied with my vision! The farm-house, the shed, the cattle-pen and even the straw and rubbish on the threshing ground beside the court-yard were exactly as I had seen them in my vision. I

peeped into the cow-shed where a black cow was lying down chewing her cud. I approached the cow. She stood up, at sight of me, and stretched out her neck for the pat of her old master. Beyond a doubt the cow was mine.

Returning to the portico of the house I found the house locked. So I sent the cowboy to fetch the owner of the farm. Ere long the boy returned with the owner. The owner of the farm was a respectable young man of the locality. He was the village magistrate. I told him that the cow was mine and inquired of him how it got into his hands. He told me that the animal, having strayed into the fields and done some damage to the crops, had been taken there by a tenant of his, nearly three weeks before, to be impounded. As there was no public cattle pound in the village, he impounded the animal in his own shed in the farm. I paid the charges due to the Government and got back the cow. But before I left the place I wanted to see if the tenant who got the cow impounded was the same person I saw in the vision. So I expressed to the magistrate my desire to see the man who had brought the cow in. He asked me why I wanted to see him. I told him that it was to tell the man that the cow was mine and that if it again strayed into the fields he might inform me directly and immediately.

The magistrate at once sent for the man. When he appeared I set my eyes on the physical from of the same Muhammadan farmer whom I had seen for the first time in my vision. He was exactly as I saw him then. Only now there was no stick in his hand and he was not driving off the cow.

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The Gita on Mental Dividends.

By M. K. Venkateswara Aiyar.

THERE are many who are familiar with dividends on shares of Limited Companies. But there are few who take stock of the Mental Dividends in co-operative thinking. A great writer says:

> We all know that there is a limit fixed by nature to the pleasure we can derive from material things, but there is no such restriction with regard to our mental enjoyment. Our money's worth and our mind's worth are two entirely different matters.
>
> Wealth is at best only a means to an end, and it is open to argument whether that end cannot be reached by a better way. Money does not enlarge life, deepen knowledge, or increase experience. It is not even a satisfactory measure of the value of our work. Society recognises that some kinds of work cannot be adequately rewarded by payment in cash.

Sri Krishna says:

യെ ഹി സംസ്പർശജാ ഭോഗാഃ
ദ്ദുഖയോനയ ഏവ തെ
ആദ്ദ്യന്തവന്തഃ കൌന്തെയ
ന തെഷു രമതെ ബുധാഃ

Ye hi samsparsaja bhogah
Duhkhayonaya eva the
Adyanthavanthah Kaunteya
Na theshu ramate buddhah.

Gita, V. 22.

All enjoyments that are the outcome of contact with material objects are really pregnant with pain (and so are transitory). They have a beginning and an end, Oh! Kaunteya. Therefore, the wise do not rejoice in them.

യൊന്തഃ സുഖൊന്തരാ രാമഃ
തഥാന്തർജ്ജ്യോതി രേവ യഃ
സയൊഗി ബ്രഹ്മനിർവാണം
ബ്രഹ്മഭൂതൊധി ഗച്ഛതി.

Yonthah sukhonthararamah
Thathantharjyotireva yah
Sa yogi brahmanirvanam
Brahmabhutodhi gachchati

Gita V. 24.

He who has experienced the pleasures, happiness and illumination of inner life becomes Divine and enjoys eternal supreme happiness.

As a matter of fact, the fountain of happiness in our heart is inexhaustible and what is required is a conversion of our mind from a superficial view of things (i. e. *Bahirmukhata*) to a substantial or intruisic appreciation of everything (i. e. *Antarmukhata*). In other words, mind must be habituated to *respond* to the Divine happiness within, as otherwise we cannot enjoy the same just like the inability of a man not having taste for music, to enjoy music however excellent the performance of the musician may be. Those who have cultivated this habit of response to inner life and happiness forego money dividends for the sake of mental ones. Such men will be concentrating their mind on the inner bliss and will identify themselves with it:

തദ്ബുദ്ധയഃ തദാത്മാനഃ
തന്നിഷ്ഠാഃ തൽപരായണാഃ

Thadbuddhayah thadatmanah
Thannishtah thatparayanah.

Gita, V. 17.

One who realises this and practises a life of this kind will be agreeably surprised to find that the external circumstances also obey his *will*. The reason for this is, that the self or *Atma* in the heart of all is really one with God who is Omnipotent and Omniscient. Therefore, a great writer says:

He who comes into full and living realisation of his oneness with the Divine Life is brought at once into right relations with himself, with his fellow-men, and with the laws of the universe about him. He lives now in the inner, the real life, and whatever is in the interior must necessarily take form in the exterior, for all life is from within out. There is no true life in regard to which this law does not hold. And if the will of God is done in the inward life, then is it necessarily done in all things of the outward life, and the results are always manifest. Thus and thus alone it is that men have become prophets, seers, and saviours.

One who realises that his *Atma* or self is identical with God in reality will have no difficulty in understanding that *self-reliance* and *Faith in God* are really identical. And he will always do unto others as he would be done by, because he incessantly remembers that every being is a temple of God and as such service to fellow beings is worship of God and offence to fellow-beings is offence to God.
Sri Krishna says:

അഹം കൃത്സ്നസ്യ ജഗതഃ
പ്രഭവഃ പ്രളയസ്തഥാ

Aham Kristnasya Jagatah
Prabhavah Pralayasthaththa.

Gita, VII 6.

I am the source and refuge of the whole universe

യഥാകാശസ്ഥിതൊനിത്യം
വായുഃ സർവ്വത്രഗൊ മഹാൻ
തഥാസർവ്വാണി ഭൂതാനി
മൽസ്ഥാനീത്യുപധാരയ

Yathakasasthitho nityam
Vayuh Sarvatrago mahan
Thattha Sarvani bhutani
Matsthanithyupadharaya

Gita, IX, 6.

Know that I am the basic support of all beings as the atmosphere is the sub-stratem of all kinds of great winds.

When we realise this we experience that all our misery and want are due to our living a life *out of harmony* with the power Divine in our heart which always works for righteousness or *Dharma* and consequently for wholeness and perfection. And when our life is lived in the life of God, and God's will, therefore, becomes our will, all is and necessarily must be well with us, for contrary to His will it is impossible that anything should ever come to pass.

Hence there is no limit for greatness, progress, prosperity and happiness, which are the outcome of Mental Dividends. Thoughtful men will, therefore, do well to enlarge their outlook and deepen their insight incessantly until they experience that the self or *Atma* in all is the same, that all beings are temples of God or the Supreme *Be*-ing, that service to fellow-beings is real worship of God and that *Mental Dividends* in co-operative thinking bring about the realisation of eternal supreme happiness or *Brahmanandam*.

In Tagore-Land.

VI

The Agricultural Statesman.

By N. Lakshmanan.

When the time for reaping arrives no one thinks of these pioneers; but those who have cheerfully staked and lost their all, during life, are not likely, after death, to mind this further loss of being forgotten.—Rabindranath's *Reminiscences.*

DEENABHANDU Andrews concluded his memorable Simla address on Poet Tagore by remarking that the new literary revival should not dwindle down to the selfish pleasures of a Palace of Art from which the cries of suffering humanity are excluded.[1]

There was no room for this danger in the epoch of Rabindranath. A galoxy of Bengali poets, idealists like Aurobindo Ghose and C. R. Das, artists like Abanindranath Tagore and Nandalal Bose, scientists like Sir J. C. Bose and Sir. P. C. Ray, scholars like Sir Asutosh Mukerji and Dr. Brajendranath Seal, admirers of India and her people like Sister Nivedita, Patrick Geddes and Okakura Kakuzo[2], have contributed to the richness and variety of the Renaissance in India. In other words: "The national being had been enriched by a long succession of mighty thinkers". Rabindranath is undoubtedly a pioneer of the Rural Reconstruction Movement in India; in fact, he began this gigantic work long before the term "Rural Reconstruction" came into vogue. This point should be borne in mind by every careful student. I propose to stress this point in the later part of this article by quoting Tagore's own words.

Rabindranath strongly reminds us of his friend and counterpart in Ireland. It has been said of A. E: "His reading is monumental, and ranges from the most Eastern Scriptures to the most modern Western treatises on Butter-making and Egg-producing; and his memory is amazing. But his genius has sifted the details gathered by the active mind, seized essentials, and co-ordinated all to one simple consciousness of Divinity in every atom of the universe. However he may wander along different paths of thought, illuminating them in a manner peculiarly his own, he never loses himself, never gives the impression that he, the central self, is under the tyranny of his own thoughts."[3]

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1. *The Modern Review* for July 1913.
2. The Japanese artist and traveller, author of *The Ideals of the East.*
(3) Dr. J. H. Cousins: *New Ways in English Literature,* 1918, p. 55.

This is exactly the impression which one gains from conversations with Rabindranath.

In 1927 I attended the anniversary celebration of Sri Niketan, the Visva Bharati Institute of Rural Reconstruction. After songs and prayer, the little daughter of the delightful Japanese gardener garlanded the Poet. It was inspiring to see Rabindranath having a heart-to-heart talk with the villagers present. Guests from far and near enjoyed the feast under trees.

During a historic visit to Santi Niketan, Mahatma Gandhi walked over to Sri Niketan,[5] and was very deeply interested in all that he saw. Every effort is being made there to help the villagers in their village reconstruction work. The object of Sri Niketan is not merely to turn out efficient agriculturists and industrial craftsmen, but also to train workers in methods of village sanitation, economics and education and rural reconstruction in general. Every side of village life is represented, and the dairy work, by which the breeding of cattle is being slowly improved, attracted Gandhiji's special attention. The question of cow protection necessarily depends on the improvement of the cattle and the supply of fodder. On both these matters Mahatma Gandhi asked many searching questions.

On his way back Gandhiji was shown a Santal village where Mr. W. W. Pearson used to work year after year before he met with his terrible death in Italy by a Railway accident. An Eucalyptus tree was pointed out which Mr. Pearson had offered as a gift to the Santals. A well, which was very sorely needed, had also been obtained for the villagers by Mr. Pearson's efforts. Mahatma Gandhi was deeply moved by the story, which he heard, of Mr. Pearson's goodness to the poor, for Mr. Pearson had been very deeply loved by Mahatmaji himself.[6]

A former Director of Sri Niketan in his book, just published, says: "To solve these manifold problems of the devastated villagers round about Sri-Niketan, which are typical of so large a part of India, and to launch an active programme of Rural Reconstruction, the Department of Agriculture and Village Economics, as it was then called, was started in the spring of 1922, under the leadership of Leonard K. Elmhirst."[7]

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(4) "My article on Sri Niketan was based on the occasional talks with the Poet. In reprinting it in the *Visva Bharati Quarterly* for January 1926 Rabindranath Tagore wrote to say "you have grasped very well the essential principles that guide our village reconstruction work."

(5) Surul farm near Raipur, Lord Sinha's place.

(6) A. P. I. Message, Santi Niketan, June 1st., 1925.

(7) Premchand Lal: *Reconstruction and Education in Rural India*, Allen and Unwin, 1932, p. 60.

Babu Rajanikanta Das, now of Geneva, and Babu Kalimohan Bose have also been actively assisting the Poet. Writing of Saroj Nalini, the founder of the Women's Institute Movement in India, Mr. C. F. Andrews says: "At Santi Niketan she found in the songs and discourses of the Poet Rabindranath Tagore a great source of inspiration to herself. His songs would ring in her ears, urging her to go forward even if she had to walk alone." This pioneer in woman's work loved to sing Rabindranath's songs:

> If nobody listens to thy call,
> Then march thou all alone.

And again:

> My thorns will blossom into flowers,
> My pains to the hue of rose.[8]

Rabindranath's and Saroj Nalini's complete identification with the joys and sorrows of the poor and backward people is quite significant. Rabindranath says: "I do not put my faith in any new institution, but in the individuals all over the world who think clearly, feel nobly, and act rightly, thus becoming the channels of moral truth. Our moral ideals do not work with chisels and hammers. Like trees, they spread their roots in the soil and their branches in the sky, without consulting any architect for their plans".[9]

Rabindranath's practical idealism is not appreciated by the so-called practical people; and his work is often damned with faint praise. The latest comment is from a booklet issued under the auspices of the Indian Village Welfare Association, London, and one is painfully surprised at Dr. Harold Mann's compliance with the remark that "the spirit of the institution, possibly even the institution itself, may not long outlive Dr. Tagore."[10]

This uncharitable remark has received a dignified and spirited reply from Rabindranath in the *Modern Review* for December 1932. Rabindranath himself makes no exaggerated claims about Sri Niketan; he says:— "If I were to try to give the details of our work they would look small. But we are not afraid of this appearance of smallness, for we have confidence in life. We know that if as a seed it represents the truth that is in us, it will overcome opposition and conquer space and time. According to us, the poverty problem is not the most important; the problem of unhappines is the great problem. Wealth, which is the synonym for the production and collection of things, men can make use of ruthlessly. They can crush life out of the earth

(8) *A Woman of India* (pp. 7, 63), being tbe Life of Saroj Nalini by her husband, G. S. Dutt, I. C. S., with a Foreword by Rabindranath Tagore.

(9) *Creative Unity*, Macmillan, Indian Edition, p. 153.

(10) Review of Rural Welfare Activities in India, 1932, by C. F. Strickand, C. I. E., Oxford University Press, p. 31.

and flourish. But happiness, which may not compete with wealth in its list of materials, is final; it is creative; therefore, it has its source of riches within itself.[11]

It is a serious mistake to suppose that Rabindranath's work towards Rural Reconstruction began only with starting Sri Niketan. On the contrary, the urgency of the problem has been realised by the Poet very early in life. He has been the first and foremost among his contemporaries to visualise the Indian problem as essentially the problem of Village Reconstruction. Again and again he has described the problem and its solution in a variety of illuminating illustrations. One such quotation, though lengthy, should find a place here. Rabindranath says:

> In India, during the past, the whole mind of the people used to spread itself widely over the country even to the remotest villages. The intellectual life was widely sustained in the villages themselves, giving rise to creative thought and deed and joy. The spirit of man gained there a widely diffused harmony. The enjoyment of the good things of life was neither narrow nor personal. But this joyous and free development in India received a deadly blow, when, following the example of Europe, the towns began to absorb all the new wealth of modern age, and the villages became impoverished. The social nervous system of India was suddenly paralysed when this blow fell. This consideration used to disturb me, when, in my younger days, I was in closest touch with the village system of Bengal. For I saw, with my own eyes, the flow of intellectual and economic life obstructed, and its natural channels silted up one by one. It struck me then that so long as this vital problem of village deterioration remained unsolved, all our efforts for political advance would lack foundation, and our real welfare would remain indefinitely postponed. This is what I explained in my public utterances during those earlier days. But mere words are of little avail. So I set to work to revive the consciousness of a certain group of villages from within. From this effort I learnt one lesson. At the root of man suffering, there is always the violation of some truth. The fundamental truth in Man is his clear sense of that righteous harmony, which alone can establish real and deep relations. When this truth is disturbed, the pools of the villages dry up, his fields become unproductive, he succumbs to disease. The poverty of the isolated life, sundering man from his neighbours, is fatal. From this internal poverty no external force can save him.[12]

Rabindranath, like his friend Sir Daniel Hamilton, is an ardent believer in the Co-operative Movement. As President of the International Co-operators' Day at Calcutta the Poet said: "The Co-operative Movement, which is gradually gaining ground in our economic life because it represents the highest truth of man,—the truth of his unity, is also the only way that can lead to the true wealth of the people, the wealth born of the great meeting of individual wills."[13]

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(11) Prem Chand Lal *Reconstruction and Education in Rural India*, pp. 20,21.

(12) Rabindranath Tagore, *Foreign Affairs* for May 1928.

(13) The *Visva-Bharati Quarterly* for July 1927, p. 178.

In an interview in Tokyo, Poet Tagore said: "It was the change in the economic system which dislocated the whole structure of Indian life. At first this was not so apparent, but every day the sign of decay is becoming more and more evident and discontent is spreading. Of late, the Government has begun to realise the truth of what I have said. The Royal Commission on Agriculture and such like movements are visible signs of the awakening."[14]

There is a growing recognition, by leaders of Society and the State, that the greatest problem of India to-day is that of Rural Reconstruction. This awakening is, to a very large extent, due to the life-long labours of Poet Rabindranath Tagore, the Agricultural Statesman.

[*The previous articles of this series appeared in our issues of January, February, March, June and August 1932.*]

(14) The *Visva-Bharati Quarterly*, for April—July, 1929, p. 158.

Comment & Criticism.

All-Kerala Sahitya Parishad—Seventh Session.

The All-Kerala Literary Conference which began by holding its first session at Edappilli near Ernakulam has just finished its seventh session at Calicut. The Calicut session, though not note-worthy from the point of view of the number of literary men assembled, has a peculiar value of its own. Calicut was the place where, under the patronage of the Zamorin Maharajas of the past, some of the famous men of letters of Kerala lived and flourished, producing lasting results in the field of Malayalam language. Those famous poets known as *Patinettarakkavies*—eighteen and a half poets —often assembled and worked together at Calicut at the instance of the then Zamorin who was like King Bhoja of the Sanskrit literature. These eighteen poets were well-versed in Sanskrit literature and were, therefore, considered as full-blown *Kavies* whereas one other who was more a Malayalam poet than a Sanskrit poet was considered only as a "half Kavi". At a much later period, that is, during the time of Vidwan Manavikraman Ettan Raja, several poets and literary men of the period used to assemble at Calicut and produce works which have gone a good deal to make up the modern Malayalam literature. Therefore, Calicut has a peculiar importance in the literary world of Kerala and has, in the past, invited giants of learning from the Chola Desa, Uddanna Sastri being one of them.

The seventh session held at Calicut on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th instant under the distinguished patronage of Mahamahimasree Appan Thampuran of the Cochin Royal family was also full of events just like all its predecessors. Several poems were read by their authors, of whom a few were well-known literary figures. Some of these poems were, of course, good and worthy of the occasion; but it cannot be forgotten that a very large number of them was quite useless. The Parishad platform ought not to have been allowed for them. I believe that even the intimate friends and sympathisers of these "poets" would not have had the patience to listen to the repetition in a most uninteresting manner of their "precious" productions. The Parishad is not an assembly where Dick and Harry could do things. Poets of merit who could produce original works alone should be allowed to get upon the platform, and it is, indeed, sad that the promoters of most of the Parishad assemblies never remembered this fact. They thought that the exhibition of a large number was important and never cared to see if the 'poets' deserved the name at least for the poems displayed on the Parishad *Pandal*. It would be a very great thing if in the future Parishads such an idea is not entertained by the promoters. Those who are real lovers of Sahityam never look to the number, but only to the quality of the poems.

The most interesting of the poems read at the seventh session were those of Sriman P. V. Krishna Varier, Editor, *Kavanakaumudi*, and Sriman K. K. K. Kurup. The others were all quite unfit for the Parishad assembly. One gentleman who read a small piece of poetry "just because he wanted to avail himself of an opportunity to explain his conduct" behaved so roughly and impolitely that several of the audience thought that the President

ought to have snubbed him. He was telling us that he "had decided to boycott the Parishad". I was sorely surprised when I heard this. This "poet," who came to lime-light only on account of the patronage of Mr. Ullur Parameswara Iyer and Appan Thampuran, had become so much conceited that he has thought it fit to slight the very institution of which he was once a humble servant. He has forgotten apparently that his own small position in the poetic world of Malabar is due to his having been connected with the Trichur Parishad. It is because the Parishad encourages anybody and everybody to be poets that it has now received a kick from one of its own smallest of associates. Let the Parishad take a lesson if it cares.

Among those who delivered speeches, Mr. Ullur stands foremost. His was the one speech that was most fitted for the occasion. It was a studied speech with most valuable quotations from Sanskrit and Malayalam works of great importance. I am of opinion that only such speeches should be encouraged by the Parishad. They alone are of literary value. Mr Appan Thampuran's Presidential Address as well as Mr. Attuor Krishna Pisharody's small speech were, of course, praise-worthy inasmuch as they were to the point. Mr. E. V. Krishna Pillay's interesting lecture was certainly a contrast to Mr. Vatakkepat Narayanan Nair's abstruse and inopportune lecture on "Celestial Physicians". Mr. Puthezhath Raman Menon delivered a speech which was more fitted as an "Eucalyptus lecture" than as one fit for the Parishad assembly. It was really tragic that the audience was found generally inclined to give applause for such stuff. Mr Raman Menon's *Hasasahityam* was, to say the least, vulgar. I am really sorry that the promoters consider that such speeches should be thrust upon the Parishad assembly.

Coming to those who read papers, Mr. Murkoth Kumaran deserves to be mentioned first. His paper on *Poorakkali*, a sort of play prevalent among the Ezhuvas of North Malabar, was very much appreciated by the audience. The delivery was excellent, and the interesting subject matter was couched in a fitting language. The next was a paper on *Kadhakali* by Sreeman P. Krishnan Nair, Vyakarana Siromani, Assistant Malayalam Lecturer of the Madras University. It was of very great literary value, but unfortunately the audience did not show enough patience to attend to the learned thesis. Another thesis on *Ammanapattu*, a kind of action song, read by Mr. Karuppan was also a valuable one. Except for these I should think that the Parishad did not produce anything worth mentioning.

On the first day, at night, *Krishnanattam*, a most ancient kind of play from which was developed the *Kadhakali*, was staged, and it was very successful. On the second night, a band of young Namboodiries enacted *Marthandavarma* in a manner which evoked the greatest interest in the minds of the audience. Some of the actors could excel even the professional actors in the fineness and naturalness of their acting, and I am of opinion that almost the best thing that was done at the Parishad was this dramatic display. All praise to the actors, one and all.

On the third day, a few resolutions came up for consideration, the most important of which was the one relating to the production of a Malayalam Dictionary. The Parishad has passed similar resolutions on almost all the occasions when it met in the past, and till now no serious attempt has been

made by anybody concerned. Certainly, the production of a good dictionary is of vital importance to the cause of the language, and all earnest lovers of the mother-tongue are naturally to be expected to render for the cause their utmost assistance. There was another innocent resolution requesting the *Kalamandalam* authorities to render what assistance they could towards the successful conduct of the Parishad; but the volume of opposition to this resolution among those who were mere visitors induced the President to put it off for the next session. I believe it was not wise on the part of the President to do so and had things been managed more judiciously, the resolution would have been carried by an overwhelming majority of those who are really eligible to vote on the occasion. Some of the audience were inclined to forget that as mere on-lookers they had no right whatever to take any part in the conduct of the Parishad. They ask if it is not autocracy to let the audience in general to have no right in the conduct of the Parishad. Do the visitors get such a right in any other assembly? Delegates, Reception Committee members, etc., certainly have a voice in the working of the assembly, but, as far as I know the visitors who are mere on-lookers—*Sandarsakans* as they are called,—do not vote on such occasions. It is a thousand pities that the President created a wrong precedent in the matter.

Taking the resolution itself, I ask what harm is there in requesting the *Kalamandalam* people to render some assistance to the Parishad? A very large sum of money has been collected from the people at large in the shape of a lottery conducted in the name of the *Kalamandalam*, which is at present being managed by a small body of people. What has the *Kalamandalam* done thus far? Except getting a few *Kadhakalies* enacted now and then, what further attempt has the *Mandalam* made to revive any one of the *Kalas*? Have not the people assembled at the Parishad *Pandal* a right to enter into the topic? What a tragedy that the public money should go into hands that use it in quite an autocratic manner!

The seventh session has anyhow been finished. Many mistakes have been committed by the Parishad in all its past sessions. It has not yet chalked out a workable programme which would ultimately enhance its status and usefulness. No matter about all that. What is the Parishad to do in future?

I believe that it should change its ways radically. Only theses of absolute value approved of by a respectable Committee of the permanent Parishad should be allowed to be read at the open session. Stray lectures should not be allowed except under extraordinary circumstances. If the Committee is satisfied of the subject matter of the proposed lecture, it may be allowed just for a variety. More than two speeches should not be allowed under any circumstances. It is worth while to remember that all conferences that mean to do some permanent good to any branch of learning resort only to theses.

"Dry" poems should have no place at the Parishad. Approved poetic compositions that will be of perpetual interest and value should alone be staged at the Parishad Platform. It may be recollected in this connection that almost all the most notable Tamil works of the past such as *Chilapathikaram*, *Manimekhala*, *Pathittupathu*, *Tolkoppiyam*, etc., were works that were staged at the different Tamil Parishads of the ancient days. Only if standard works are produced the Parishad will be remembered in times to

come. Mere trash will do no good either to the writer or to the Parishad under whose patronage it is sought to be published.

The Parishad should honour those who produce first class literary works by titles to be specially instituted by it. There is no use of conducting competitive examinations in the present manner. Only fifth rate men attend it, and only sixth rate matter is produced as a result thereof. Book-prizes and medals are not at all good. A title conferred upon a literary man by the open session of the Parishad will be a far greater incentive to the real workers as it will be a more lasting tribute to their integral worth.

Important works already published should be brought up for criticism, and proper places assigned to them in the world of Malayalam literature. Now, much of trash is getting mixed up with good stuff, and it will be very good if the Parishad would boldly enter into the field of the selection of good ones from the innumerable volumes getting published every year in Kerala.

May the activities of the Parishad be such as will produce lasting good to the cause of Malayalam language and literature! May the Goddess of learning be inclined to bless the Parishad to achieve a noble ideal !

P. Rama Pisharody.

Among My Books

Stephen Leacock.

By R. Bangaruswami.

TO students of Political Science in our universities the name of Stephen Leacock should be familiar as the author of a cryptic, interesting and very useful text-book on the principles of Politics. Some of them may further know that Mr. Leacock is the head of the Department of Politics at Mac-Gill University and is an authority not only in Political Science but also in Economics. But Professor Leacock is much more than a mere text-book writer and a dabbler in facts, figures and theories. The generality of the world know him principally as a writer of short stories and essays, soaked in the finest of humour and unrestrained gaiety.

The maker of these delicious pickles for the mental palate was born in 1869. From one of his delightful essays we read that he " was co-educated at the very beginning of the thing " and that he learned his " Greek alongside of a bevy of beauty on the opposite benches that mashed up the irregular verbs " and that he " spent three years in the graduate school of Chicago, where co-education girls were as thick as autumn leaves—and some thicker." It seems clear that his connection with MacGill University as Professor is of long-standing duration.

Like the brilliant logician and mathematician, Charles Dodgson, and that intelligent painter of animals, Edward Lear, Professor Leacock did find it possible to do serious as well as light work. If the author of *Curioso Mathematicia, Euclid and His Modern Rivals*, and *Formulae of Plane Trigonometry*—i.e., Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll)—could give to the world an immortal work like *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, why should not Mr. Leacock, the author of *Elements of Political Science*, *Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice* and *Economic Prosperity in the British Empire* give us books like *Nonsense Novels* and *Literary Lapses* ?

Mr. Leacock is a born humorist, one of the greatest living humorists of to-day. If it is his function as a Professor to consider man as a political being, as a member of a community, as a limb of a body corporate, as a citizen, if in that capacity he considers the human animal as an economic unit, ever wanting, making and spending, it is his joy as a humorist to treat about " man

and his activities considered in circumstances so incongruous, so unexpectedly incongruous as to detract from their human dignity." He laughs at himself and the follies of his brethren. And his laughter is full of sunshine and glorious mirth. Not a touch of indecency but full of ludicrousness, the very breath of refined humour.

Let me illustrate. In one of his shortest stories consisting of not more than three hundred words, the modern craze, he informs us, is for 'stories shorter and shorter still' he unravels the mystery of a murder. A man has been murdered and to all appearance there is no clue as to who did it. The 'great detective' is called in. He examines minutely and cries out triumphantly picking a hair. He is certain that the man who had the hair is the murderer. From that moment he begins his search for the man who lost the hair. He meets thousands of men and he scans their faces. At last he sees the right man, his head covered in a 'steamer cap'. The great detective wants him to be arrested. Let Leacock say the rest:—

"Arrest him!" he said, and then drawing himself to his full height, he brandished aloft the hair.

"This is his," said the great detective. "It proves his guilt."

"Remove his hat," said the ship's captain sternly.

They did so.

The man was entirely bald.

"Ha!" said the great detective, without a moment's hesitation. "He has committed not one murder but about a million."

I shall refer to another story of his written recently. It is a new Christmas story with a political tinge. Humour gushes out from every line of it. To add to this, its moving character is Mahatma Gandhi. Mahatma Gandhi is in London. On the Christmas day, as he goes out walking on the road, a car hits him. Policemen come and he is at once taken to the hospital. Sir so-and-so, a big surgeon, is called in. There is something akin to sympathy in the minds of a few who witness the sight. The doctor examines the patient and puts him some questions. Gandhiji wouldn't co-operate. After much coaxing and compulsion he answers. The doctor comes to the conclusion that there is nothing wrong with him except that he is suffering from malnutrition. Let Leacock finish the story as in the other instance.

"The poor fellow—Gandhi is your name, isn't it?—is merely under-fed. All the trouble came from that.

Half an hour after, Mahatma Gandhi groped up in bed, a napkin at his neck, tray in front of him, devoured wing after wing of the turkey in front of him.

Half a month after that he weighed 250 pounds,

Half a year after that India became free (to take effect A. D. 3000). Leacock laughs at the follies of critics in the following passage taken from one of his editorial parodies:

"We showed the manuscript to a friend of ours, a critic, a man who has a greater command of the language of criticism than perhaps any two men in New York to-day. He said at once "This is big. It is a big thing, done by a big man, a man with big ideas, writing at his very biggest. The whole thing has a bigness about it that is,—? and here he paused and thought a moment and added,—"big". After this he sat big in his chair and said, 'big, big, big, till we left him. We next showed the story to an English critic, and he said without hesitation or very little, 'This is really not half bad'. Last of all we read the story ourselves and we rose after its perusal,—itself not an easy thing to do,—and said, "wonderful but terrible.' All through our (free) lunch that day we shuddered."

Mr. Leacock's *Discovery of England* is a very interesting book sparkling with bubbling laughter and buoyant criticism. In this he not un-frequently pleads guilty to the charge levelled against him by Ronald A. Knox in the following statement: "Mr. Leacock, as a rule, amuses by laughing at himself." He speaks of his 'profound scholarship' and 'profound reflection' in the lightest of vein and discusses big educational problems with refreshing candour and remarkable humour. Read the description of the Oxford professors:

It appears further that the professors themselves are not keen on their lectures. If the lectures are called for they give them; if not the professors' feelings are not hurt. He merely waits and rests his brain until in some later year the students call for his lectures. There are men at Oxford who have rested their brains this way for over thirty years; the accumulated brain power thus dammed up is said to be colossal.

Mr. Leacock criticises the education that is given to women. Six months of training as a hospital nurse, according to him, would give them more "education and character than a whole basketful of algebra" can give them. He thinks that marriage is the only career of women and pities the poor married girl who soon forgets which is the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle. He is candid when he says that no other reason but economy can favour co-education.

His statement that "hardly a single professor at Oxford would recognise a dynamo in broad daylight" and his opinion that "Parrots and crows would do well in examinations. Indeed the colleges are full of them."—are really amusing. Equally so is his idea of founding a university:

If I were founding a university—and I say it with all the seriousness of which I am capable—I would found first a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would find a dormitory; then after that or more probably with it, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I had still money over that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some text-books.

His advice to Oxford is "to capture a few millionaires, give them honorary degrees at million pounds sterling a piece, and tell them to imagine that they are Henry the Eighth."

Quite recently, Mr. Leacock, I understand, has written a book on Mark Twain. The book has not yet come into my hands, but it must be a very interesting book. A humorist discoursing upon another humorist. I suppose readers of this magazine are aware that Mark Twain is a celebrity in the field of light literature. It may not be also out of place to recall that Mark Twain has called India "A land of dreams and romance, of fabulous wealth and fabulous poverty, of splendour and rags, of famine and pestilence, Mother of history, grandmother of legend, and great-grandmother of tradition." He has also written a character-sketch of the Indian crow sparkling with delightful nonsense.

Such of those who value humour as a commodity "more precious than silver or gold" cannot do anything better than take a volume of Stephen Leacock and forget the world and its worldly worries in that genuine laughter which comes out involuntarily when the secret springs of joy in us are touched by a master-hand.

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   Do you know, beloved, that it is thoughts of you that baffle me thus?

4. When sighs run into the eyes to overflow as tears,
   Do you know, beloved, that it is for your absence that I weep?

5. When joys dance into smiles on my lips,
   Do you know, beloved, that it is in hopes of you that I smile?

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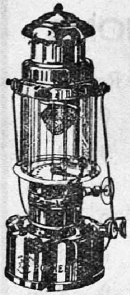

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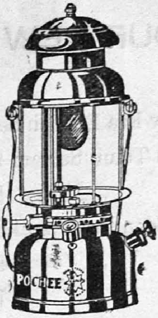

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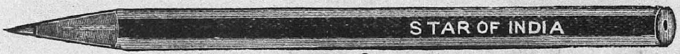

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